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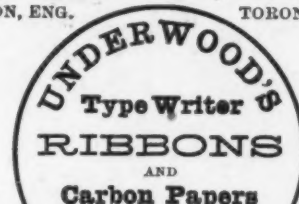
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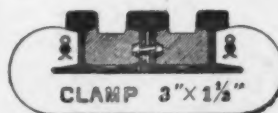
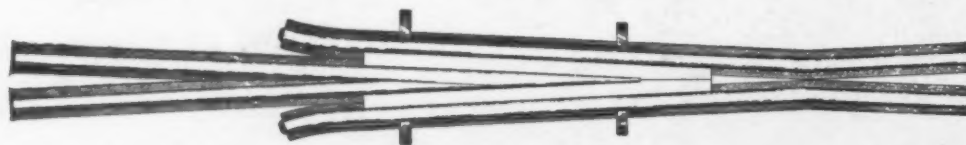
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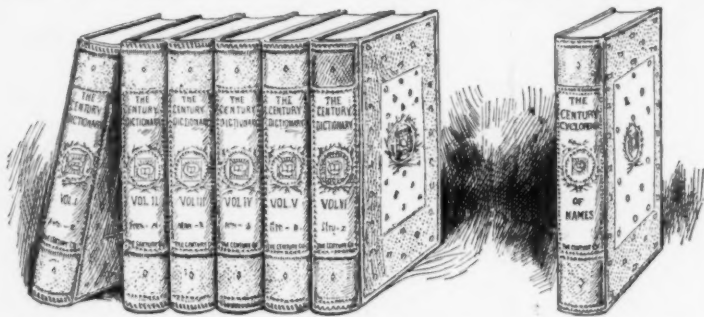
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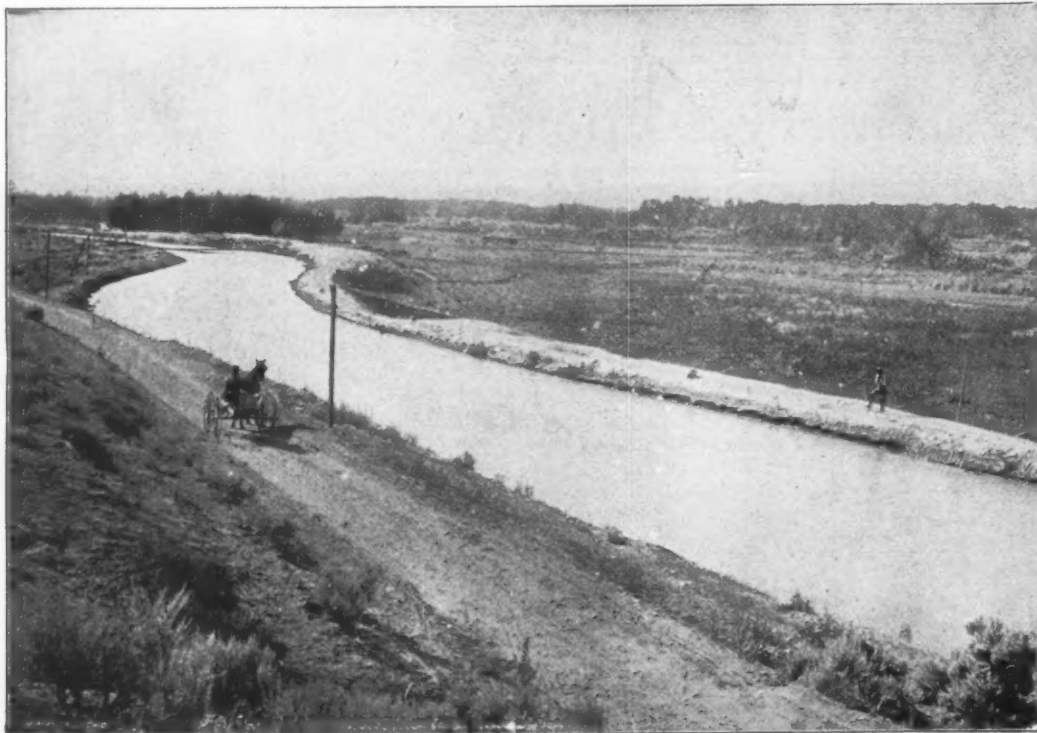
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CHINESE LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

By James Peter Macintyre.

It may be that if you have seen one Chinese village you have, in a sense, seen all of China; nevertheless, the principle, as far as it relates to the Chungwos resident on the Pacific Coast of Canada, allows of indefinite expansion even in a superficial sense. The mysticism of manner which seems an essential motive in the Chinese existence, is far less opaque in ordinary everyday affairs than when applied in connection with religious worship, or in guarding the ulterior workings of their masonry.

Impassive and taciturn as to the kaolin clay and glazed image representing an abstruse being, insensibly inuring to a ritual of worship, clouded in incense-laden smoke, it is not strange that the Cathayans of the coast are an almost unknown quantity in the gregarious element which occupies the centres of population.

Their bent in religion is towards a latitude which allows them a multifariness of gods, and the practice of polytheism; the doctrines adhered to mainly leading the Chinese mind to propagate elusive and, it may be maintained, ludicrous means of escaping the evil spirit. To attain the passive, semi-conscious state, which they esteem the goal of the spirit at immolation, they practice active religious rites which are inspired with the view of outwitting the devil. In this connection the phase of proceedings during their lives, which, according to the gospel of morals, inclines to noisomeness, is attained by the agency of brazen instruments. No sound which is produced by the use of vellum, as in the beating of a drum, is tasteful to the oriental ear. The gulf in this manner is more noticeable to the pronounced Caucasians because of the ridicule with which the Chinese receive the sonorous instrument in almost otherwise universal favor. But they are as opposite to us in ways innumerable, and as apparent in their customs as the Japanese appear in using mechanical tools, and obeying forms, exactly the reverse of that which habit has confirmed in the people of most other nations.

No other class of cosmopolitans on the coast carry with them kin qualities which, in the routine of their lives, act with such opposite effects. At the same time that they emulate the Aztec Indians in grateful, if undemonstrative wor-

ship of the sun, the warmth of which is congenial to the oriental physique, the idol of the Indians finds sweltering masses of decaying garbage to simmer down, and from whence to free to the air the germs which are incipient of epidemic diseases.

Their idolatry of body is more than offset by the filthy condition of their surroundings, although the latter effect is now more prevalent where the coolies are isolated, as in rural districts.

In the aggrandizement of wealth, the most potent factor observed in aiming at a competency is frugality in their mode of living; although the Hermit tendency in their nature looks contradictory when their innate love of gambling is exposed. In the pursuit of chance gaming a nervous avidity and interest are disclosed in the process that are entirely opposite to the former trait of character. It is not a very common occurrence when a Chinaman tries conclusions with a white man in a game of cards. But on one occasion a celestial entered a poker game with a resident white man on the Coast, to offset whom, in his own game, he carried an extra pack of cards in his sleeve. A full hand of aces turned up for the white man, who drew Chew's attention to the fact with the exclamation, "I have four aces, Johnny." "Velley good," replied the Chinaman, to whom the game was a little foreign, "you see, me got flive acey."

In this channel, through which they vent a great amount of excitement, the passion for play, which is under the ban of the civic ordinances,

brings them under the raiding system of the police authorities. On one occasion not very long ago, when passing through a Chinese quarter in Westminster, the police of the city were engaged in capturing a den of gamblers, who nightly resorted to one of the "hells" for play. At convenient points near the resort, preparatory to entering the building at a signal, were several officers. The gamblers were playing in an upper room of the building, into which the raiders entered by the street door, but which they no sooner passed than an alarm was communicated to the gamblers overhead. They no sooner became aware of the presence of the police than they sprang towards the windows, through which some of them came crashing to the wooden sidewalk underneath, bringing the glass with them. Being hard to detect them as individuals excepting on acquaintance, a number of them escaped to the labyrinthine alleys, from whence they returned calmly to watch the outcome of the encounter.

Those penned up in the room engaged in a desperate fight for liberty, but, the avenues of escape being cut off, their efforts proved futile. It was during the re-encounter that one of the officers called upon the white bystanders to enter the premises and aid in securing the prisoners for conveyance to the 'cangue.'

At the moment of entering, with the intent of helping, a bystander felt himself arrested through a hand being placed on his shoulder. Turning sharply around, he found, by the dim



A CHINESE FAMILY.

light which shed its rays between the green stalks of some lily plants in the next window, that his detainee was a well dressed Chinaman. "Keep! out. You no go, savvy? They savvy you," he continued. While being evidently a stranger he yet uttered the name of the person he had stopped, while uttering his pigeon warning. Being aware of the sinister motive which sometimes goes with the blue blouse, the procession of Chinamen and captors proceeded to the police headquarters without the aid of the mysteriously enlightened looker on.

Now, although the conditions of habitation and life in the northern latitudes are so different to those existent in the Straits settlements and China, incidents such as that related jog one to a belief in the reality of that component part of the Chinese colony personal, the hatchet-man under all circumstances. The instrument of destruction, perhaps, is only changed to an easily concealable weapon in the first instance, in lieu of the spear which lets the blood of the traitor or enemy in the latter. A long-bladed knife or a revolver will accomplish its deadly mission with equal dispatch under circumstances which, in other climes, bring the less-concealable spear into vogue.

In the Straits settlements it is known that, in connection with masonry, the approaches to the inner temple where the court of pears is situated, with heaven for its dome, are well guarded. The masonry which has its meetings in the temple of God—the forest, in the South, can accommodate itself to less spacious surroundings in the North. For this reason there is no plausible cause why the mandate which requires the blood of an individual to seal it, should not be as effective in one clime as in the other. There is just a suspicion that the facts in the matter point in the direction of this theory.

It is noteworthy that the large cities are the arenas in which by daylight the emissaries of the high blinders enact tragedies of almost startling recurrence. In the smaller cities of the North Pacific Coast, with less numerous colonies tributary to the six-legged devil fish to which they hold allegiance, the espionage of the police is not so complete, presumably because of the more open manner of living of the Chinese inhabitants. The removal of a marked man, therefore, would be a comparatively easy matter when it is taken for granted that the hired assassin would be shielded as much as possible by his countrymen. In the first instance escape would be facilitated by reason of the crowded state of the quarters, while in the latter the mode of carrying out the project would be in accordance with the different conditions under which they exist.

As to the internecine fighting which occurs at

times, it is limited in prevalence to cities of large magnitude, and is of less frequent occurrence, although happening, in small towns. Where strife in this way has been seen to exist, and deadly weapons used at various periods, dramatic effect seemed more the aim of the combatants than any extent of damage to either of the participants, although quarrels have led to severe cutting and maiming even if the opportunities for concealment are not so good as in cities of metropolitan aspect.

As an incentive to removing a man, blood money need be of nominal amount only when it is averred that a substitute for a wealthy man condemned to death for murder in China, can be procured for a few dollars. It is not likely that a change of sentiment in regard to death of so great extent can take place under the changed condition of abode, that the estimate of a heinous crime will magnify itself through residence in the Occident.

The system of shadowing a man by the instrumentality of a coolie, was well demonstrated in an occurrence which took place not a great time since in a Coast city. In the process of acquiring a knowledge of the habits and places of resort of a man to whom they imagined a grudge was owing, he was placed under the surveillance of a spy. Feeling ill at ease, perhaps through resentment to some extent, for several successive nights, he turned about abruptly to find himself dogged at some distance by a villainous-looking hench-man of the highbinders. The paid emissary of the companies, finding himself under the suspicion of his intended victim, discovered the futility of further effort in his nefarious design, and changed his tactics so that his espionage seemed to cease. Whether, if a favorable opportunity afforded, advantage would have been taken to destroy the life of the object of the hatchet-man's nocturnal rambles, is not certain, but that an evil motive actuated him there can be little question. To return in the perfunctory manner of this article to qualities inhering to the Chinese, and visible in their every day life, it is observable that a Chinaman is seldom seen who is much under the influence of alcoholic liquors. Abstinence from liquors, or at least the characteristic abstemiousness of the Chinamen in the matter of drink which is apt to produce a temulent condition, is adhered, according to himself, from the physical reason of avoiding enlargement of the abdomen rather than from any apprehension of the mind.

Opposed diametrically to this virtue, which as much or more than any other makes the coolie a desirable servant, there stands the very baneful habit of opium smoking, which they almost universally follow. Opium joints in which the de-

lusive and no less seductive pipe can be 'hit,' are adjuncts of every Chinatown; and, as a consequence, the Government is compelled to find asylum for several score of jabbering idiots, the aftermath of inoculation with the drug years ago in their own country, by British bayonets. Among others than the celestials in the northern portion of the Coast, the habit is inoperative, being confined within limits that are effected by the limited size of the cities and consequent exposure of any indulgence in the vice by the foreign devils whom the Chinese nature resolves itself into shunning association with as far as possible.

With such ethics as they are possessed of it is not passing strange to see almost incredible customs attributed to them verified in the routine of their lives. For example, fatalism is a recognized principle in their beliefs which has its foundation of breadth that is irrespective of any religion or sect of one. Side by side with it is their stoical contempt for death. In the first connection their apathetic conduct in events where great danger or death is imminent, illustrates the phase in their existence.

A number of men a few years ago were engaged in cutting a passage through heavy ice which had formed on the Fraser River in front of the town of New Westminster. The object in view was to allow of steamboat approach to the wharves, and during the operation the ice suddenly parted, letting one of the gang of men—who happened to be a white man—into the water. Immediately a rush took place to the shore, during which stampede a man yelled at the Chinamen that the man who had gone into the water was a coolie. Not abating their pace or stopping to see if it was so, the warning only elicited from the Chinese the response, "He go to helle, me no cale," in panting breaths while he flew over the ice on his way to safety.

At a near distance, too, to the scene of the foregoing episode, a man who was very much intoxicated lay down on the railroad track in front of a cabin in which there lived a gang of coolie railway section men. The men must have been well aware of the hours at which the trains daily passed their abode, but, although said to be at home and acquainted with the facts of the man's critical position, they made no effort to place him beyond danger. While lying unconscious of his near dreadful fate, a train sped around a curve at the end of which he lay, and before the engineer could pull up the cars they had passed over and mangled the unfortunate victim of superstition as much as of drink.

On the other end of the same curve is a junction where trains are made up on the main line of the railway. The coaches from Westminster City are run by a branch line to be attached to the east-going mail. It was at the depot at the junction that a Chinaman, in stepping from a car, fell between the wheels and was badly crushed. His lower limbs were fractured, evidently causing him excruciating pain. Numbers of his countrymen assembled about and carried him onto the platform of the station. One of these hastened to some cabins at a short distance, returning with a further contingent, one of them holding a glass containing a white fluid which he administered to the injured man.

The potion, likely an anesthetic from the formulae of Shing Nung, the chemist emperor, concocted with the subtle skill of Sophonia of Palermo, was hardly given when the man was picked up uncomplainingly and carried to one of the cabins. It is said of the Chinese, that in cases of extreme suffering they cure the patient by killing them, so that the information given with a perfunctory nod, "Heap good drink; he all laight; litt time he bletter," seemed to support the truth of the idea. Heap good was inferred as being used in the same connection



CHINESE KITCHEN IN A RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION CAMP.

as when applied at the immolation of an Indian.

One other strange notion in the ludicrous category held by the Chinese, appertains to the transmigration of the women to the spirit world. It is believed by the women and fostered by the men, with some object, no doubt, similar to the common custom in other countries in handing down and propagating superstitious ideas, that the women who are strict vegetarians here, become changed into men on leaving this sphere. As an inducement to frugal living, the upholding of the doctrine by the feminine portion of the residents, who cater to Cyprian tastes, counter-balance the gourmet propensities of the men in their relish for chicken. It is not an easy matter, owing to the relation which inheres to the sexes of the nation in their mode of dressing, to distinguish between man and woman; and the transition metaphysically would be an evolution por-

ber of bowls of wine, and yet again an equal accompaniment of dishes containing chicken. Wax candles, alight to the number of six, are arranged about the coffin, and at the entrance to the apartment there stands one on either side to guide the visitors within. The nearest relatives of the defunct, to the number of six, at one period enter the room and partake slightly of the dishes. No information in reference to this part of the proceedings can be gleaned from the coolies, who, with their usual reticence, decline to say if the form relates to, or has any connection with, the Chinese Six Companies.

On the thoroughfare in front of the residence a further superficial glimpse of the eccentric ceremonies is seen before the funeral cortege gets under way, in the several shoats, roasted whole, which are disposed beside the coffin. For some time the body lies in state thus on the

out from the vapory shroud, reminded one of a fete in the far East in which the participants are clad in bright gala costume. In the front rank of the cohort which led, a large, powerful Chinaman held aloft an immense scarlet banner, the pole of which was adorned with ribbons of various hues. On either side of him walked a coolie with a four-sided transparency held aloft nearly to the level of the banner. File after file, the formation breasted the sloping hill, each mourner, from his white and gauzy head-gear of muslin to his thick-soled foot-wear, a striking anomaly to the occasion. Short tunics of divers brilliant colors surmounted white muslin nether garments which were swathed mummy fashion about the legs.

Various devices ranging from triangles to polygons were carried by the division which was in front; each of them bearing perpendicular



A CHINESE MASONIC FUNERAL IN VANCOUVER, B. C.

tended by the clothing affected by the gentler sex.

Following the rites which relate to the lives led by these people, come those which are attendant upon the last ordeal in their existence and burial. Any language expressive of mourning in connection with the forms followed on the death of a Chinaman of standing is misapplied. The ceremonial is simply the climax of vanity, which is looked forward to by the deceased individual as the greatest object to be attained through the efforts spent in a career of usefulness and in the accumulation of wealth. As the bulk of the Chinese are laborers, it is uncommon on the Occidental strand to view a funeral on a large scale, which but serves to make the incident indelible on the mind of one fortunate enough to behold the unique spectacle.

If a look is taken into the chamber of death, it is seen that, on a form at the head of the bier, there is placed six bowls of rice, the same num-

ber of bowls of wine, and yet again an equal accompaniment of dishes containing chicken. Wax candles, alight to the number of six, are arranged about the coffin, and at the entrance to the apartment there stands one on either side to guide the visitors within. The nearest relatives of the defunct, to the number of six, at one period enter the room and partake slightly of the dishes. No information in reference to this part of the proceedings can be gleaned from the coolies, who, with their usual reticence, decline to say if the form relates to, or has any connection with, the Chinese Six Companies.

On the thoroughfare in front of the residence a further superficial glimpse of the eccentric ceremonies is seen before the funeral cortege gets under way, in the several shoats, roasted whole, which are disposed beside the coffin. For some time the body lies in state thus on the street, where relatives and acquaintances take a farewell look at the features and accord the body a mortal leave. An ordinary vehicle ahead conveying the deceased man's effects to the cemetery just over the ridge, gave warning simultaneously with a brazen din, that a funeral was under way. At the time of the appearance of the queer host an impenetrable fog was shrinking away to the base of the valley, driven by the gathering strength of the sun in ascending toward the zenith. With the retreat of the vapor appeared a mass of green growth, dew spangled and studded with the golden blossom of the broom shrub. On the terraced grounds rising upward from the finely situated and picturesque city of New Westminster, lithe young fir trees gave place here and there to a brightly-painted cottage, now and then with an ambitious, but curtailed, tower.

The vanguard of the parade itself, as it came

columns of hieroglyphs, the word symbols of the Chinese language. A break in the ranks was occupied by a solitary Chinaman who emitted a fanfare from an ox horn, turning his head from right to left, after each effort, while he grinned at the amazed onlookers who lined the roads, or walked by the side of the funeral cortege. The second division was in different garb to that affected by the gay phalanx which had preceded it, being clad in ordinary "melican man's wear." Another section, with all the paraphernalia of the first, followed before a string of carriages and a hearse, on each side of which walked pallbearers in white.

Before the procession became visible a brazen din could be heard which, on near approach, was found to be made with very large cymbals. From the same carriage also came the metallic and continuous click of metallic oval drums; while the impressive, weird, and strange to the ear

dead march of the sect—no less peculiar than their strange customs to the othersenses—issued from a vehicle behind. Up out of the dim prehistoric age in which Hwang-ti the III., ruler of the celestial empire, engaged as a pastime in inventing musical instruments, rises, it would appear, the refrain that dies away from the flute to leave a vivid impression on the imagination.

From the following carriage floated forth, to flutter like snow flakes in the air a moment before reaching the earth, a continuous shower of paper cut into small pieces which are closely perforated. In the wake of the cortege the devil is supposed to follow, but ere he can catch up with the hearse, according to the Chinese idea, he has to perform the acrobatic feat of tumbling in and out of each puncture in the fragments of paper which were cast to the winds. Thus the body (and spirit) is supposed to be gotten safely to the cemetery, where the bad joss, as an incentive to leaving the body undisturbed and to appease his appetite for human flesh, was treated to a collation of food. During the banquet he could sit invisible amid the odorous burning joss sticks with which the ground about the grave had been studded.

At the grave side, robed in pure white, knelt a figure of which a glimpse was caught in one of the carriages. It was the widow of the deceased, who arose and cast her seeming bridal robes to the flames arising from a pyre on which the effects of her husband, and all the paraphernalia of the procession, was being consumed. After the lawful period has passed, the resting place will be desecrated, the bones removed and cleaned and, further on, be shipped to China.

FROM OMAHA TO VICTORIA, B. C.

For a delightful trip through one of the most beautiful parts of our North American continent, leave on an evening train from Omaha to St. Paul, arriving at the latter place next morning at 8 o'clock. If one can spare the time, a day can be very pleasantly spent looking over the Twin Cities, leaving the following morning on the Northern Pacific for Tacoma and the Coast.

I say Northern Pacific for several reasons, and the most important of all to the tourist is the fact that this road goes directly through that portion of country covering the most magnificent scenery. Its trains are all equipped with the very latest conveniences in the way of modern travel—rich in furnishings, perfect in every respect; and I desire to make special mention of the dining car service (which is carried through to the Coast) as being unexcelled by any road, the greatest care being exercised to keep the tables furnished with every delicacy the market affords, which, together with the elegant equipments of the car, the polite attention of the conductor and waiters, make the eating of meals one of the most pleasant features of the trip. Not only is the uniform kindness and civility of the employees noticeable in the dining car, but in every other department, down to the Pullman porter, whom we found to be very obliging and courteous, doing everything possible to make the trip a pleasant one, cheerfully answering all questions as though the same things were not asked him every day the year round.

The first day of our journey we pass through the fertile lands of Minnesota and North Dakota. The principal industry of these States is wheat-raising, and they supply a great part of the market of this country. Many of the individual farms comprise thousands of acres and employ an army of men. It is a pleasing sight to pass through mile after mile of beautiful fields of wheat. We finally reach the "Bad Lands" of Western North Dakota, and they are rightly named, for a more utterly desolate-looking spot could never be imagined. Gradually the scene

changes and we emerge from sagebrush and rocks to the rolling and higher lands of Montana, where there is little if any cultivation; the chief industry being that of raising stock, which may be seen roaming over thousands of acres of fine pasture land. Following the Yellowstone River, whose muddy waters remind us of our own Missouri, we reach Fort Keogh, where the sight of Uncle Sam's soldiers bring forcibly to mind the stories of the many Indian massacres that were perpetrated in that section and around Custer.

As we move along, the fertile plains give place to rougher scenery, until upon reaching Livingston (which is a junction, where, if you have the time and can afford the trip, you can go to the Yellowstone National Park, which contains the grandest and at the same time the most mysterious scenic wonders in the world). Here you get the first glimpse of mountain scenery in the shape of three lone peaks standing out prominently against the sky, called Crazy Mountains. A little beyond Livingston we pass through Bozeman, a pretty, quiet little town nestled at the foot of the mountains and surrounded by them in such a way as to seem like a protection. Moving on towards Helena, situated in still more mountainous country, we couple on another engine and start by curves and tunnels to climb the very peaks of the Rockies and rapidly approach the clouds. After reaching the summit, our extra engine leaves us and we begin a rapid descent down through the mountain, which affords one of the most picturesque panoramas it is possible for the mind to conceive; add to this the feeling of security a splendidly-built and well-kept road gives one, and it seems like a trip through fairy-land, and one never to be forgotten.

We reach Hope, Idaho, about 9 o'clock in the morning, at which place they changed Standard for Mountain time, thereby losing one hour. This little town is built at the foot of the mountains, which almost entirely surround Lake Pend d'Oreille, a beautiful sheet of water which we follow for miles, affording one of the prettiest scenes on the route. The next city of any importance is Spokane, Washington, the principal trade center for the eastern portion of that State. It has 30,000 inhabitants and is beautifully located. Later in the day we cross the Columbia River and get our first introduction to the arid lands for which irrigation has done so much. What was once a huge plain of sagebrush and sandy loam is, by the aid of splendid irrigating canals, converted into one of the richest fruit-growing sections of our country. A little farther on we reach the Yakima Valley, following for miles a beautiful stream of the same name and finally nearing the town of Yakima, at the foot of the Cascades; again an extra engine comes into service and we climb over this range of mountains to plunge into Stampede Tunnel, which is two miles long, and finally emerge into the beautiful Pacific Slope Country, passing through the magnificent pine and fir forests for which the Coast is noted. Even after reading so much of these great trees, one is astonished by their magnitude and need scarcely wonder that Washington is said to contain more lumber than all the other lumber States together. Add to this her almost unlimited resources in the way of rich mines of all kinds of ore, her wonderful climate, advantages of commerce and fisheries, afforded by the finest inland sea in the world, Puget Sound, and the greatness of her future is insured.

Further on we enter the Puyallup Valley, devoted principally to hop-raising, whose productive, neatly-kept fields make a curious as well as pretty sight to the Easterner. This industry is very extensively carried on, supplying in part the large markets of New York and

London. Leaving the Puyallup Valley, Tacoma is soon arrived at and thus ends such a delightful trip that it is almost with regret we leave the much at home. Tacoma is a beautiful city of train upon which we had begun to feel so 55,000 inhabitants, and, located as it is, overlooking Puget Sound on the east, the Olympic Mountains on the north, and Mount Tacoma on the south, it has the advantage of a view that is a constant delight to the eye; and, speaking of Mount Tacoma, after having once seen it one can never forget the magnificent grandeur of this wonderful snow-clad peak, as it first bursts upon the startled gaze. With its towering height of 15,000 feet, reaching beyond the clouds and into the skies, seemingly, it is a sight the memory of which the mind will retain forever.

Upon entering Tacoma, one is at once impressed with its well-kept and cleanly streets, its fine business blocks, enterprising thrift and metropolitan appearance. With its growth of population in ten years, it has established itself on a solid, firm financial footing. It is already a manufacturing center, with a capital of \$9,000,000 invested in factories that produce \$10,000,000 worth of manufactured goods annually. To this is also added the advantages of foreign commerce with all parts of the world, especially the Orient, as the Northern Pacific's line of steamers ply between China, Japan and Tacoma the year round, bringing over great cargoes of rice, tea and silk, and taking away wheat and lumber in return. In going down along the lumber and wheat wharfs one is surprised at the great number of foreign vessels loading for London, Liverpool, Australia and other points. The fact that between four and five hundred vessels enter and clear this harbor annually, carrying away over 4,000,000 bushels of wheat, 150,000,000 feet of lumber, to say nothing of all the other products of the State, such as bullion, iron, coal, and the output of the fisheries, gives one something of an idea of the magnitude of business done in this wide-awake city and the great future it has before it.

On taking a trip up Puget Sound from Tacoma to Victoria we reach Port Townsend about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and cross the Strait of Fuca to our destination; and a lovely trip it is. With Mount Tacoma in the rear, Mount Baker off to the northeast and the snow-capped Olympics on the west, one does not wonder at this country being so widely noted for its scenery.

Upon reaching the quaint old English town, with its House of Parliament, its museum, and other interesting features, about 5 o'clock in the evening, one has ample time to ride over the city before the return trip; which, with the information afforded by the driver, is time well and pleasantly spent. Upon returning to the steamer about sunset, one is lost in admiration of the beautiful harbor in which it is anchored. The long twilight shadows across its smooth, placid waters, the vessels of all sizes and descriptions resting quietly, with here and there a canoe gliding by, makes a picture at once so calm and peaceful that one sighs and wishes it could last; but the bustle and confusion of the steamer clearing the wharf reminds us that all things have an end, and we start on our return, reaching Tacoma next morning, thus ending a most delightful trip.

L. C. HARDING.

Omaha, Neb.

THE BICYCLE CRAZE.—Several of the Minneapolis wholesale lumber firms send their men over the Dakotas on wheels instead of by rail. It is much cheaper and a great deal more of territory can be covered by the representatives. In Winona the livery business is said to be nearly ruined owing to the almost universal use of the wheel. In Austin, Minn., a town of about 3,500 population, there are said to be 600 wheels in use by men, women and children.—Stillwater Gazette.



The Grafton Record Man Travels.

Crossing the Rocky Mountains on the Northern Pacific Railroad affords an opportunity for a thoughtful mind to canvass the possibilities of time and wonder what shook the earth on its crazy bone. Covered with Christmas trees, snow and mules, the mountains rise about you like a thirsty crowd when someone says "beer." To climb these high places big engines coined by the hand of man so strong that they could pull anything with two ends to it, are put on ahead, and the train jogs up hill as if the grade was the other way. A man smoking a joint of fish-pole got on the train at Helena, and when he wasn't setting fire to his fish-pole he was telling us that he was the principal man around there and had information to let. There was a fence so near the track we thought we could read a sign on it: "Go to Fleming & Lewaux for your condition powders;" this man told us that that fence was thirty-five miles away, and still going. A mountain that had been dug out to allow the train to pass by without running into the river, we found was seventy-five miles away. The train stopped at a little town called "Busted Knuckle." The largest building was a saloon. A sign read "Beer, 5 cents per glass," and we found that half of the people that traveled got left at that town; the saloon, instead of being half a block as it looked, was in reality twelve miles in the country. Near a section house a cow and a horse and a few pigs were surrounded by a fence; the cow was standing bow-legged in order to eat grass without interfering with the fence, and the horse seemed crowded for room, while the pigs rooted around down stairs; this information tank led us to believe that the piece of ground contained 160 acres of land, more or less, according to the Government survey. He got off at the next stop and took charge of a yoke of oxen.—Ed. Pierce.

"In the Wee, Sma' Hours."

A man has all kinds of funny and awful things happen to him as he is storm tossed through this vale of sighs, yelps and discords. He has enough done to him in daylight, without passing through the throes of hell in his sleep.

I had made a long, hard ride of fifty miles without food or water. Arriving at my destination worn and weary, about 9 p. m., and finding everybody gone to a dance, I proceeded to forage for grub—as I was hollow clear to my heels. Corn beef, cold cabbage, buttermilk, pickled onions, pigs feet, mince pie and olives, rewarded my search. Without ceremony, and leaving the asking of the blessing for next time, I waded in and loaded myself like an Indian. Next on the programme was sleep. I did not undress, but piled in, boots and all, and in a minute was dead to the world, the flesh and the devil. Then my travels commenced and I visited a dozen worlds, not even stopping to leave my card or inform them that Irrigation was King. I saw men with little bodies, big heads, and whiskers miles long, flying through space; prominent citizens, with balloons attached to the seat of their trousers, floating through the air and chewing gum; a cross-eyed woman told me I was a great doctor and that I must straighten her eyes. I hit her between them with an ax. I saw two miles of mortgages (all past due), with 5,280 feet of interest and millions of legs, crawling over me. I died, was buried and got up and out again, finding the title

to the land not good. I saw all the cranks who had persecuted me on earth standing on the edge of hell, but couldn't get to them to push them in because I found one more river to cross and couldn't swim. When I got to heaven's gate St. Peter told me Benson had just got in and one of a kind was enough. I felt a million sheep pulling my hair, all yelling "free wool." I went to New York and tried to register, but they said I was a free silver fiend and must go to New Jersey for aid. I swallowed a brass band, and just as it started to play Annie Rooney I opened my eyes to the same old world and the same old game. I do not lunch now before retiring, and have a nightmare for sale.—Fred R. Reed, in *Prosser American*.

How He Worked a Mine.

"How do we work a mine?" exclaimed the Sheep Mountaineer, "Well, you unsophisticated, undeveloped out-cropping of the land of the rising sun, I'll proceed to enlighten your beclouded college-bred understanding."

The college-bred-young-man from the land of the rising sun sat down on a 300-dollar-to-the-ton chunk of ore and turned his undivided attention to listening to a discourse on mineralogy.

"We first prospect around until we find a tunnel in on the jugular vein and a pile of ore on the dump; then, if the other feller ain't lookin', we jump. Then we proceed to sink a shaft on the float, gather all the gangue and sack it, bein' careful to preserve technical phrases in mineralogical science in so doing. Then we prospect the stockholders with an assessment, and if they don't come down, put in a blast. At this point we call the roll, grab a No. 4 warranted not to rip, wear, tear, ravel, cut or run down at the heel ragical, tragical, irrasive smelter, and run up our stack. If the other feller holds the best hand the stack will diminish, and we consequently drift for a pay-streak. If we don't get through driftin' by fall its the fust thing we go at in the spring. We now concentrate our efforts, and if the silver panned out don't have the eagle stamped on it, we sample the outcropin' in every saloon within a radius of ten miles, and take a fresh chew of terbaccer. Then we get to work in earnest, salt the dump, and go East and sell all the stock we can. We return, renew our grub pile, pack it into the cabin and wait for spring to open up and the snow to go off. During this period we amuse ourselves playing seven-up for the drinks. We then import a minin' and civil engineer, run a few levels, crosscut for another assessment, get it, cave in the shaft and abandon the property. Then—" The Sheep Mountaineer paused for a moment to catch his breath, but the moment was fatal to his learned discourse, for the college-bred-young-man from the land of the rising sun feebly reached for his pick, staggered slowly to his feet, looked wildly through the limpid atmosphere toward the summit of Sheep Mountain, and disappeared behind the giant outcroppings of the Big Eliza lode.—*Lump City Miner*.

Very Professional.

A well-known attorney in this city has a bright clerk. He is so brilliant that some day he'll be a lawyer. One day the attorney entered the office, and the clerk said:

"Mr. B— was here to retain you, sir."

"Did he say he would come again?"

"No, but I took the retainer."

"Bright boy! What was the retainer?"

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Fifty dollars! My retainer fee, you know, is a hundred. You have been very unprofessional."

"But he said fifty dollars was all he had."

"Hum! And you took it? Good! Very professional, my boy; very professional."—*Superior Inland Ocean*.

Got Them Mixed.

He (gently): "Are you not afraid some one may marry you for your money?" She (sweetly): "Oh, dear, no. Such an idea never entered my head." He (tenderly): "Ah, in your sweet innocence you do not know how coldly, cruelly



REASSURING.

Customer, growing uneasy—"Look here, my friend, you are most too careless handling that razor. Do you ever cut people?" Colored Barber—"Yes, sah; it frequently happens, sah. But you needn't be uneasy, boss, kase it's allus accidental. I ain't de nigger to do such things 'entionally."

mercenary some men are." She (quietly); "Perhaps not." He (with suppressed emotion): "I—I would not for the world have such a terrible fate happen you. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone." She: "He'll have to. It's my cousin Jenny who has the money, not I. You've got us mixed. I haven't a penny." He: "Er—very pleasant weather we're having."

He Passed.

It is said that a local minister who is a well-known punster has not perpetrated a pun for a month. He applied for a pass over one of our railroads and received the following scriptural answer: "Thou shalt not pass."—Numbers XX, 18; "Suffer not a man to pass"—Judges III, 28; "None shall ever pass"—Isalah XXXIV, 30; "This generation shall not pass"—Mark XIII, 30; "Though they roar, yet they cannot pass"—Jeremiah V, 22; "So they paid their fare and went"—Jonah I, 3. The minister laid down his hand and passed.—*Dogwood Pioneer*.

THE HAWK'S NEST.

By B. H. Standish.

My name is Clark Brunson. I am, no doubt, of a romantic turn of mind and my life is devoted to literature (and to my wife). Indeed when I had finished schooling I spent much time writing matter which I sent to Eastern magazines. These productions usually came back with a card of thanks. This caused my father to ridicule me for spending my time in this manner; indeed it became too warm for me about home. But this did not change my purpose. I thought that when success came I would be able to point to this as one of the obstacles which I had surmounted on the road up. But a change seemed necessary. I had already come to the conclusion that my life was too barren of events to aid me much in this work. I held that every man's experience should be a store house upon which he can draw at will if he would succeed with the pen. "Test all things and hold fast to the good," was my motto. These two causes led me to abandon home and seek for a life of romantic adventure.

The first day of importance to me came about three weeks after this time, when one afternoon I was standing by a bridge which spans a small stream in a suburban district in one of the prairie States of the Mississippi Valley. There was a city near by. I could see the church spire, and the white and silent city upon a distant hill. Around were green fields and scattered woodlots and near by, a solitary mill.

I had been looking into the water meditating. Suddenly I heard the sound of horses' feet. A coach drawn by unmanageable horses was coming at full speed. In the next five minutes a coachman had lost his life by a fall and I had risked mine and stopped the team. The only occupant of the coach was a plucky young lady who had scrambled for the lines in vain, and I had doubtless saved her life. To be brief here; I was engaged by her father as coachman; soon fell in love, and was secretly married. My marriage was disowned by her parents, but she clung to me and approved of my lofty literary aims and the plan of preparation which I had adopted. Thus we were united in sentiment as well as in affection.

I wish to give here the reasons which led me to justify myself in marrying Mr. Harbison's daughter, when he had only engaged me to drive her horses. I wish to do this lest others of like vocation use this true story, which has no tragic ending, to justify them in a custom which is becoming altogether too common.

The best blood of history flows in my veins—ancestors traceable back through the Mayflower to English noblemen. Nearer down my people were mostly lawyers, doctors and soldiers. There was Gen. Seth Brunson, of Revolutionary fame, Commodore Ezekiel Brunson, an honor to our navy, Hon. Jubal B., M. C., and a long list of others. My father was a country gentleman of means and culture. I was well educated and intended for West Point, but my aversion to it had blighted my father's intention and irreparably estranged us. But literature consoled me. I often thought of two lines of gold among the dross of my earlier composition:

"It is not what I seem to be
But what I am, that pleases me."

So, while I looked upon myself as my lady's equal, I found much satisfaction in winning her affection as an inferior; for even she did not know of my harmless deception. She whom I loved was my equal in ancestry, and she was good looking. This, I thought, about balanced my literary gift and it would be a fair trade. Of course, from the first she had looked upon me with gratitude because of past service, and being tired of her butterfly life, conditions were favorable for a climax in the brief drama of courtship. As has been said, from the first she approved of my plans of preparing for future work, saying that "where you go there I will go also."

Irene was independent, and I was convinced she would never make the first advance looking toward parental reconciliation. Besides, she was of age and knew what she wanted.

Our mutual desire of adventure, strange as it may seem, now led us to join a colony then forming for the frontier of Wisconsin. The organizer of this colony was a middle-aged, bald-headed man, pleasant and earnest in address, and though he had espoused the Mormon faith, was himself a strict bachelor. In our long drives that summer we had often stopped at his open-air meetings in the country, and it was here that we first learned of his colonization scheme, little thinking then that we would ever go with him. A year before he had been on in advance—found a suitable place for the proposed colony, built a sawmill, and was now ready to take his followers where both land and lumber were plenty.

It was late one afternoon in mid-summer when the Mormon, my wife and I, preceded by most of the colony, reached Hawk's Nest, the name of a little valley upon the edge of which the mill was built. This is one of the most romantic places that I ever saw. It contained about one acre, and the walls that enclosed it were nearly perpendicular and seventy-five to one hundred feet high. It had but two openings. Through one of these (a deep gorge a mile or two in length) a little stream found its way into the enclosure, and at the foot of the enclosing wall coursed nearly around it, passing out through the other opening, which resembled a huge crack about ten feet wide, running from top to bottom of the wall. Immediately it brawled over rocks and slipped down through the grassy prairie beyond. Where the stream found its entrance to the Nest the Mormon had dammed it by building a wall of logs whose ends were secured in the notched sides of the rocky gorge, one above another. The joints being well calked it answered, and the gorge above served as a reservoir and boom for logs, and the surplus water turned an overshot wheel, whose bearings also were in the rocky wall. This furnished power for the mill where he sawed lumber and could also grind corn. The mill itself was built on timbers notched into the rocky wall and on a level with the top of the dam. Its entrance was through a door in the floor, leading up a ladder from the valley below. The mill served likewise as a workshop and dwelling-house.

In this mill-house which contained only three rooms beside the grinding and sawing-room, my wife and I were made welcome, with the Mormon

as a sort of guest-proprietor. The rest of the colony built a mile away, just where the wood and prairie met and of course were our nearest neighbors. Even before we arrived they had established a grocery store and postoffice with weekly connections with Milwaukee.

My wife adapted herself to circumstances with great facility and every mistake was received with entire good nature. The Mormon was amiability itself, and we had no reason to be otherwise, being in a state of mutual contentedness and self-happiness. Indeed it seems to me now that there is no other time like the first months of married life for throwing off all early bonds and associations. It is pre-eminently the time of home-building and independent action. Nature and custom here harmonize.

From the Mormon's airy and noisy home we could look down into the Nest, but as soon as we found a pausing-place in the first day's duties, we descended the ladder to give the place a more careful inspection. Here twilight prevailed, though the sun shone brightly on the trees above. It seemed like a vast theatre whose stage was curtained by a waterfall. The stars had not yet been lit and we were the first arrivals. We found seats on the trunk of a fallen tree and looked and listened with a feeling of delight and awe. The insect orchestra had not yet begun and no bird sang. Silence reigned, save for the dull roar of the falls and the subdued voice of the hurrying brook. Irene spoke first, "Now Clark, begin your book."

"Well," said I, "this is a good place to begin, but the emotions of the hour must first have time to crystallize before they will be fit to enter enduring literature. Besides, we are just married, you know."

To this she replied with some humor that it was foolish to let so small an incident interfere with so great an undertaking. By this I knew that she had the true spirit of a great purpose and that I could, so to speak, safely count on my reserve battalion in case of need—and few men succeed without just such backing.

We soon arose and wandered around the enclosure. It was green and velvety within. The brook at the foot of the wall girdled it with a line of disembodied voices. The rocks above were damp and cold, bearing ferns and mosses and innumerable shelves for blossoming plants. The trees higher up sent down their roots, hugging the wall and thrusting their fingers into the many crevices. Here and there a phoebe had built, and a hermit thrush darted before us. Where the brook slipped out of the Nest we could catch a glimpse of the prairie below and hills in the hazy distance. About this outlet were abundant indications of mineral wealth and we carried back with us a handful of specimens.

That evening I urged the Mormon to enter the land as it might prove valuable, but he refused, saying that his claims were entered above and he wanted none of the acres of earth. So I said no more about it at present, but determined to enter it jointly with him so he would at least share the probable advantages. It still seems to me that in such cases generosity is at least commendable.

The next two weeks to us were full of delight. We had determined to build on the claim and selected a site right in the middle of the Nest. It seemed a pity that so fine a dooryard should not be utilized; besides, a gate at the brook's exit would make it a novel fortress indeed. Lumber was plenty here, and with the Mormon's aid the house grew rapidly. About the only feature that would distinguish it from ordinary frontier houses was this—the roof of the main part was hinged at the ridge so that each side could be elevated, this giving a refreshing circulation of air, even during the hot nights of summer. This was the only object sought, but my

wife subsequently used it for another purpose.

We had secured a number of good saddle-horses of the Winnebago Indians and varied each day's pleasure with long rides about, and we soon became expert marksmen while in the saddle. These excursions enabled my wife to secure a good variety of robes, animal skins and fantastic ornaments for decorating our new home. Two mountain-lion skins she was especially proud to own. One thing annoyed us, however. The splendid saddle-horses that the Indians would sell us for a few dollars they would often steal back at night. We therefore built a pendulum door to the entrance of the Nest and kept the horses on the inside at night. This door was about thirty feet high, hanging from a cross-piece on shelving rocks, mid-way to the top. When shut there was just room for the brook to slip under it, but it was easily swung one side

sky-parlor, and in case of danger we would go up there till it was passed. However, the surveyor's remark annoyed me somewhat and I secretly drove a few more nails into the ladder and saw that it was firm and sound.

The arrival of these surveyors made me a little uneasy about the claim and I determined to make entry at once. My wife encouraged me in the determination, yet, because of the excessively hot weather, declined to accompany me to the land-office, saying that if I would send up Annie Lloyd from the settlement for company, she would not be afraid to stay. So the next morning when I rode my horse out of the Nest I led Irene's white pony, and waving adieu, headed for the settlement. Annie, the post-master's daughter, readily consented to stay with Irene in my absence. I saw her mount and ride away before I started for Prairie-du-Chien.

ning, burst upon the village. I arose and went to the window. Rain was falling so fast that the earth soon reflected the lightning flashes like a continuous sheet of water. The drouth was indeed broken. I now thought of what the surveyor had said about the danger at the Nest, and there was no more sleep for me that night. I went to the Mormon's room and woke him, telling him my fears; but he was more of a preacher than a practical man and could not advise me. I grew wild with anxiety as the storm continued, and as soon as it was light started for home.

The storm had now wholly ceased, but the prairie looked as if an ocean had been emptied upon it. There were streams to ford where a day before there had been none and the creeks had become dangerous torrents. But the tough prairie sod helped us on and we traveled fast.

I reached the Nest about mid-day and as I ap



"AT THIS TIME THE NEST RESEMBLED A HUGE WHIRLPOOL."

from within, giving a free passage out. This device we looked upon with a great deal of satisfaction and, thereafter, were not annoyed by thieves. As summer advanced the weather became very dry and the overflow at the mill was light. The Mormon was absent now on one of his evangelical tours, on the Mississippi. These usually lasted two or three weeks and awakened much interest in his doctrine.

One day two surveyors made their appearance on the bluffs above. We gave them a hearty welcome and they remained several days. The older of these bantered me once on my poor judgment in building a dwelling house in the Nest. Then he said with a great deal of earnestness, "That stream above the mill is the eave-trough of a township, and some day you will get a wetting down here." To this I replied that the ladder was always in place to the Mormon's

It was a hot day, but I was in great haste and rode fast. The wiry little beast that I rode kept up a canter hour after hour without exhaustion. Indeed I never rode a horse that was his equal. I reached my destination before the office closed for the day, made the entry, and then found an inn where I had him well cared for.

At this time the Mormon was holding meetings in the fur company's storehouse, and I spent the evening there. This man was always in earnest when he spoke and he made a deep impression on his listeners. These were frontiersmen—settlers, French-Canadians and some Indians—a rather tough, yet attentive audience. When the service was over I complimented the preacher on his effort and then sought my lodging house. As there was considerable drinking going on that night I retired early. About midnight a terrific storm, accompanied by thunder and light-

ning, burst upon the village. I arose and went to the window. Rain was falling so fast that the earth soon reflected the lightning flashes like a continuous sheet of water. The drouth was indeed broken. I now thought of what the surveyor had said about the danger at the Nest, and there was no more sleep for me that night.

I dashed through the torrent and climbed the bluff on the other side. What I saw made my heart stand still. The Nest was a lake, the little falls a Niagara, and every fixed object below was submerged. Near the center, slowly moving round and round, was a roof-raft on which was my wife and Annie, helpless and comfortless. When they saw me they shouted, but their voices were drowned by the flood, and I seemed paralyzed with fear.

It is true, no doubt, that a man may be wise and philosophical and still act foolishly in fire and flood. Indeed, I was influenced more by emo-

tion than by common sense; for, not readily finding a way to help my wife out, I decided to jump in—not realizing that, though it might be heroic to share her danger, it would be foolish to leave the bluff above, as they afforded the only practical base of action. Surrendering this I could not hope to save their lives. Nevertheless, out I jumped! Out and down, down. The air rushed up by me; then the water closed over me, shutting out for the moment the terrible roar of the falls. I rose like a cork and struck out for the raft. Being a tolerable swimmer I soon had my hands on it, face to face with my wife. I clambered up and embraced her, but she simply said, "Well, Clark, you are a good swimmer, but I thought Annie would have to go after you once." "Indeed," I said, "I have come after you!" "What do you propose to do, now that you have got us?" she replied. I then, for the first time, looked at the bare and perpendicular walls about and realized that I would be powerless to aid them here, though I might have done so from the bluffs.

"Well," I said, "we will at least go on together." At this she laughed slightly and I was satisfied that she did not realize the full extent of the danger. If the pendulum-door held I knew that we would be safe for the present. But if it gave way our raft would be crushed in the out-going flood, and we swept away without hope. This was a threatening danger. At this time the Nest resembled a huge whirlpool, for the incoming flood, striking it just right, sent it revolving. The raft was near the center, slowly moving with it, and every effort that I made to drive it toward the wall was unavailing. Had I succeeded we would have gained little, for we could not have scaled the enclosure. In our frantic efforts Annie slipped from the raft, but I succeeded in rescuing her. Then we were more careful and less active.

All this time Irene had not shown nervousness or fear. She now remarked, "I have some crochets in my pocket that has got to be done, and I might as well go at it." She now sat down on the raft, saying that she wished she had her lion-skin mat, and calmly began work. Her courage and lively remarks kept up our spirits; for we were often forced to laugh at her sayings.

We had been in this condition for several hours with no good prospect for immediate relief, when suddenly the Mormon appeared on the bluffs above. It seems he had followed me from the city, coming by way of the settlement. Here the postmaster and others had joined him. Two of these, by chance, were herdsmen, bearing long coils of rope on their saddles. These they soon tied to a float and skillfully managed so that, revolving with the flood, it soon came in reach of the raft. I seized it and made it fast thereto, while they descended to the mill and began drawing us slowly and steadily toward them. We soon reached the water-wheel—for the ladder had been swept away. They now made the raft fast and succeeded in helping us up through the door—which now was but a little above us—to safety. The raft then was let slip, for we had no more use for it, and it veered and plunged away over the rough waters. Within half an hour the pendulum-door gave way and the water went out with a rush, crushing the raft into a shapeless mass. We witnessed this from the Mormon's home above, and I noticed a momentary shudder pass over Irene—the only trace of emotion she had betrayed during the trying ordeal.

That evening, with her usual self-possession and good humor, she gave me a full account of her entire experience during my absence. I listened to it all and then was silent for some time. Finally she interrupted my reverie thus, "Well, Clark, isn't it time to begin that book?"

THE MADISON VALLEY.

Down in the southwestern part of Montana, between two grand and imposing mountain ranges, lies a beautiful and picturesque valley—the Madison, one of the first settled of the State. This valley consists of three basins; the upper, middle and lower, and although separated from the Gallatin merely by a single range of mountains, the Madison is comparatively unknown to the outside world, while the fame of the Gallatin is nearly world-wide. The Madison River, so named by Lewis and Clarke in honor of Secretary Madison, has its source far up in the Yellowstone Park, the Firehole River being its principal tributary.

Here, from the wonderland of the continent, it rushes swiftly along until it reaches the wider portion of the valley which bears its name—the Madison Valley proper—where it glides smoothly but rapidly in long, sinuous windings, past beautiful fields and green meadows till the Madison River Canyon is reached, one of the most interesting objects of scenery in the State. Prof. Hayden says that the Madison Valley up the river from the canyon "is a marvel of picturesque beauty." According to eminent geologists and archaeologists, the Madison Valley was once a great inland sea. This immense body of water, ceaselessly surging and wearing against the mountain barriers that held it captive, finally forced an egress through what is now the Madison Canyon. The canyon is twelve miles in length, with overhanging walls from 500 to 700 feet high. Passing along the narrow defile through the canyon, where a misstep would hurl one down into the rapid waters, and looking upward at the overhanging masses of rock, one is compelled to think of his own littleness and "how wonderful are the works of God." A railway line has been surveyed through this canyon, and if ever carried to completion it will be quite a noteworthy feat of engineering.

The river hurries rapidly through the canyon until it emerges and again flows past valley, hill and plain until it joins the Gallatin and Jefferson at Three Forks, to mingle with the waters of the "Great Muddy," and finally through the "Father of Waters" to be carried to the ocean. But to return to the valley. The portion which comprises the farming communities is about fifty miles long by seven or eight wide. On the east side of the valley is the beautiful Madison Range, dividing Madison County from Gallatin County. This range has been said by competent judges to surpass in grandeur and beauty the Swiss Alps, and indeed the most prosaic person would be moved to enthusiasm on seeing the hues and tints reflected upon its snowy crests by the evening sun. From the mountains come the numerous streams which afford water for irrigating purposes. Wolf Creek, Bear Creek, Jackass Creek and many smaller ones give abundance of water for all needs. The names of these creeks might strike the uninitiated as rather odd, ranging as they do from the ferocious wolf down to the patient and docile jackass.

This (the eastern) side of the valley contains the greater body of agricultural land, and all kinds of crops produce fabulously large yields, wheat producing from forty to sixty bushels per acre and oats from fifty to ninety bushels. There are several small orchards started and the harder varieties of apples, etc., thrive well. More attention is now being paid to fruit-tree planting and it will not be surprising to see in a few short years this valley dotted with orchards. All kinds of small fruits are very successful and the strawberries, gooseberries and currants cannot be surpassed either for yield or quality. Garden vegetables grow rapidly and cannot be beaten under any conditions.

The main crop on the western side of the river

is hay, the land being well adapted for it and a large amount of stock being kept—cattle, horses and sheep. The agricultural land is only about one-fourth of the grazing land, so stock raising will always be the most important branch of ranching. Each ranchman easily raises and puts up enough hay to feed his stock upon a short time in the winter and the abundance of range affords them their living the remainder of the year.

The rugged Tobacco Root Range, which forms the western boundary of the valley, is literally seamed with gold. Here some day will spring up a second Butte, with a prosperity founded upon a more secure basis—the yellow metal. There are many "prospects" all the way up the slope of Ward's Peak, one of the highest mountains in the State, locally and familiarly known as "Old Baldy," which if properly developed would make valuable mines. In a short range running from the Tobacco Root and opposite the canyon is one of the oldest mining camps in the State, Richmond Flat. This camp was founded early in the '60's, but has been neglected somewhat until now. There are two companies operating mines—the "Revenue," an old-time gold producer, and the "Monitor," which is bountifully rewarding the company which stood by it. The Revenue Company operates a cyanide mill through which they run about fifty tons of their own ore per day. The Monitor Company ship their ore to Butte, but will probably build a mill before another year comes to hand. There are now over 100 men working on Richmond Flat and the prospects for a great gold camp were never brighter.

As this section is tapped by a branch of the Northern Pacific road from Sappington, ore is easily and cheaply shipped to the smelters at Butte. This camp will furnish a ready market for the ranchmen of the valley and the prosperity of all classes will be increased. There are also numerous copper veins in the above range which as yet lack capital to develop, but the time will surely come when money will flow our way and these many sources of wealth be made to yield rich harvests. We have been somewhat isolated and neglected, the tendency being to pass by and overlook the "old" for the "new" Eldorado. But interest is now being attracted to the richness of our mines and it is safe to predict that, ere the dawn of 1900, the Madison Country will be as well and favorably known as any in Montana. We have an intelligent and patriotic class of people who know and appreciate the value of their country. With fertile soil, countless flocks and herds, forests of pine and unlimited mineral wealth, the Madison is an empire in itself.

FRED L. GIBSON.

Meadow Creek, Montana, April 11, 1895.

"INSATIATE."

What though she lieth mute on yonder hill?
Though ivy green and shadowy eglantere
Have held in loving fold, through many a year,
Her quiet grave, I fear her—fear her still.

He loved her once. Ay, though he hold me fast
And sear my lips with kisses burning sweet,
No touch of mine may make his life replete,
For man's first love is, oftentimes, his last.

A still face glimmers through my dreams for aye.
E'en when I strain him close with feverish grasp,
Wan, grave-cold fingers, loose the clinging clasp,
And grave-cold lips my fervid kisses stay.

She lives incarnate in each flower fair;
Her eyes illumine the violets in my hand;
The golden-rod that lights the autumn land
Seems but the scattered star-dust of her hair.

Love's perfect flower may never bloom for me—
For me, his wife; for, ah, I fear her still
Who lies forever mute on yonder hill.
His heart's one love! Would God that I were she!

LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

Eminence, Ky.



The Rush to the Methow.

The towns of Ruby and Conconully are deserted, almost depopulated. A correspondent in the *Spokesman-Review* says: "The postmaster is all that is left in Ruby and the county officials are all the ones left at Conconully. All have gone to Squaw Creek, on the Methow. A town has been laid out at the mouth of the Methow, where many are camped along that stream. Houses cannot be built fast enough to shelter the surging crowd. There is not much money among them. As usual, some are expecting to ride into wealth on a boom.—*Ellensburg (Wash.) Localizer*."

Furs in Washington.

Ten bear skins were brought over from Camas Prairie and sold at The Dalles the other day. It is not generally known, not even by our own people, that a large trade in furs is carried on here, says the *Chronicle*. "The principal source of supply is the Camas Prairie and Mount Adams sections of Washington, though the mountains south of us yield quite an assortment. Bear skins, just now, are quite the fashion, and command prices varying with their condition and running from nothing as high as \$20 for extra quality, size and color. Coyote skins bring 50 cents each; wildcat, 40 cents; fisher, \$5 to \$6; otter, \$6; beaver, \$1.50 per pound; mink, 75 cents each.—*Spokane Spokesman*."

A New Town on the Methow.

About the liveliest place for its size in the whole State is the new burg at the mouth of the Methow on the Columbia River. It is now the distributing and supply point for the Slate and Squaw Creek camps and the whole Methow Country. Here is where the steamboat from Wenatchee lands its freight and passengers for this new Eldorado; and, in fact, a great percentage of all the travel and traffic to and from those camps, must pass that point. Preparations are on foot to have the ground patented, and it is safe to say that, inside of six months, there will be a town of from 500 to 1,000 people where, but a short time ago, Mr. Ives and family were the only inhabitants. His beautiful ranch, with its blooming orchards and fields of waving grain, will be laid off into blocks and squares with real estate brokers on every corner. "But such is life in the Far West.—*Conconully Outlook*."

Opening the Nez Perces Reservation.

John P. Vollmer, the banker of Lewiston, Idaho, informs the *Spokane Chronicle* that he expects the Nez Perces Indian Reservation to be opened in July or August, if not before. "The pay-rolls have been completed and approved and the checks may be expected soon," he said. "This will be a great thing for our town, for it will mean at least \$400,000 or \$500,000 put into circulation at once. Even Spokane would be glad for a transaction which would put that much money into circulation in one deal, the money coming not to a few individuals, but to many hundreds. I am of the impression that the President will be inclined to open the reservation as soon as possible, for he can have no desire to see hundreds of people standing idle waiting for this, when they might as well go on this summer or

fall and be preparing for next year's crops. They can plow almost all the year down there, so that their winter work will be of great advantage if they can get to work this fall. Of course, this opening will be a big thing for the surrounding country and towns."

More Farmers Coming.

Of the immigrants who are coming into Manitoba and the Northwest at the present time there are probably, in proportion to their number, more actual farmers than at any other time in our history. This is peculiarly gratifying. It is what the West wants. We have quite sufficient lawyers, doctors and clerks to get along nicely with for several years to come. I remember there were over one hundred lawyers admitted to the Manitoba bar in one term. Now, lawyers are all very well in their way, but that is a little too much of a good thing. Luckily, Manitoba was a sturdy young country and still prospers, if the lawyers don't. When the professional man or clerk goes in advance of the actual tiller of the soil, he finds, as a great many have to their cost, that there are several years of weary waiting before him, which is manifestly bad for the country and the professional man. He goes to the dogs or into politics or he writes for the papers or something equally pernicious. There is nothing sadder in life than to see a coterie of four or five lawyers and three or four doctors in a Northwest town of 500 inhabitants, with half of the alphabet distributed at the back ends of their names, hustling for a living. I knew a man once, a doctor, who had taken a brilliant university degree and had had special training in European hospitals, and who afterwards had located in an isolated settlement in our Far West. He told me that the settlement was so small and the people so vulgarly healthy, that if he hadn't a certain amount of practice poisoning coyotes he would find it difficult to realize that he was a doctor of medicine at all. What we want is farmers. Farmers with strong arms and clear heads, even if there is a suspicion of hayseed therein. Sons of the men who yanked the stumps out of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick. Farmers who realize that wealth can not be obtained on our Western prairies without work, and who are not discouraged at the first petty discomfiture. Farmers who, through good and evil times, will labor for the welfare of themselves, their families and their country. Those are the men we want—I don't feel much like doing that sort of thing myself, but I will write about it.—*Lewis in Winnipeg Saturday Night*.

The Great Minnesota Canal.

The purposes of the canal are three-fold: First, for furnishing a water supply for all purposes; second, for navigation and driving of logs; third, for power to be used in manufacturing. The first purpose is evident and it need not be outlined at any length. The company claims to be able to furnish cheap and pure water. The purpose of navigation looks to the opening of an immense section of country now almost entirely inaccessible and entirely without facilities for getting its products to the market.

This canal will open up a country which will provide an immense accession to the present supply of timber, amounting to about 3,000,000,000 feet of white pine, besides cedar and miscellaneous stuff. This cannot now be reached from Duluth, and it means an addition of 100,000,000 feet to the yearly cut of the Duluth District for thirty years. The company claims to be able to transport these logs 75 cents per 1,000 cheaper than any railroad, which means a saving of \$75,000 a year in that respect. There is much food for thought and comment in this part of the plan of the Minnesota Canal Company.

The third, and what will ultimately be the

greatest of the benefits and uses of the canal, is the furnishing of power. It is evident that a canal constructed on such plans will deliver an immense volume of water at the top of the hill above Duluth. The western canal taps the waters of the St. Louis and adjacent territory, and the eastern canal, along the brow of the hill, skirts Lake Superior, and brings in the contents of the streams now flowing into the lake.

The elevation of the canal above Lake Superior will be 619 feet at the surface and 595 feet at the bottom of the canal. The supply of water when supplemented by the storage basins above mentioned, will furnish a greater power than that now on tap at Niagara, or, at least, than that amount which the authorities will allow them to divert for power there. Every cubic foot of water obtained here is worth for power $\frac{1}{4}$ gallons of that obtained at Niagara, for the simple reason that the fall there is 130 feet, while the fall here is 619 feet.

The supply of power opens up an immense field of usefulness. In order to have manufactures we must have power. We have no coal, and cannot afford to buy it. Power now costs at least \$25 per horse power per year. The Minnesota Canal Company is under obligations to furnish it for \$15, cheaper than it is to be obtained anywhere else.—*Duluth News-Tribune*.

Rich in Five Years.

Several years ago a man by the name of Simmons settled on a ranch on Eureka flat. He struggled along trying to raise grain for a number of years, and managed to get further in debt every year. The idea finally struck him that fruit raising was far better than raising grain, so he moved with his family to a small flat on the Snake River, about twenty miles above its mouth. Here he collected enough lumber to erect a very small house and build a water wheel. He managed to irrigate about twenty acres of land and raised such vegetables as he could haul to Walla Walla and sell. With the money gathered from this source he purchased fruit trees and vines and set them out where they would receive the benefit of the water. He bought enough grape roots to plant a space about 50x100 feet, and sold over 200 boxes of grapes last year. He sent one bunch to the World's Fair that weighed 12½ pounds. From a peach tree planted 3 years he picked 23 peaches that weighed 27 pounds; and 3 of those peaches would fill a gallon measure. These fruits have taken the world's prize at Chicago, and thoroughly demonstrate what can be done in this section of the country. This immediate locality can be made to accomplish the same results as that Snake River farm. We are even more favorably located than the Snake River District, and, consequently, better adapted to raising just such fruit as is raised on Snake River.

Five years ago Mr. Simmons moved off his Eureka flat farm to his Snake River claim. He was over \$1,500 in debt. Today he is entirely out of debt and has money to loan. What more inducement can people ask to get into the fruit business? There is no laborious work about it. Fruit and vegetable raising has an elevating tendency and is an honorable and, in this country, a lucrative, business. Those who are struggling along in the alleged great farming country, under debts that are making them and their families stoop shouldered, should cut loose and come to Kennewick and start in the fruit, hop or vegetable industry. Economy and industry will soon get a man out of debt and gain for him a competency that will satisfy the most fastidious. Come to the hub and take a ride on the wheel of fortune. This is not a wheel that has ninety-nine chances against you; you have ninety-nine chances to win and only one to lose.—*Kennewick (Wash.) Columbian*.



SNOQUALMIE FALLS.

Here ever-falling waters roar their wild appse
To temple walls and colonnades of shaded grey;
And tinted rainbows circle 'round the misty spray
In holy benediction to vast Nature's laws.

Here fir trees stand as sentries round the sacred fount,
And chant eternal hymns in soft devotion.
The circling hills, like rich-robed high-priests, re-
count

Their love to forests singing adoration.

And you high mountains raise their chain of rugged
peaks.

In eager rapture for the sun's first kiss
To melt the bedded snows and yield, in silver streaks,
The floods that lap Snoqualmie's restless precipice.

Grand concert chorus by Pacific's fir-lined shore,
Rings vast thy constant hymn as falling waters roar.
Beat glad the grateful hearts of men that upwards
soar

With Nature's hosannas to their godly source.
Tacoma, Wash.

W. H. NEALON.

Tender and True.

For a long time a tall, spare man, past life's meridian, kept a little tailoring shop on Third Street in Walla Walla where he eked out at best but a precarious existence. He said but little and walked quietly about as if to shun acquaintances, or to hide himself from the knowledge of men. He moved as one who bore with pain life's burden and longed to lay it down somewhere, anywhere so that it was done and he at peace. So, one day not long ago, word came that the strange old man was dead. He was found in a peaceful sleep, with one hand over his quiet heart. No one had seen him die. The day before he told a young girl that he was sick and would soon be past "the sleeping and waking." As he had no relatives there, and no one to speak in his behalf, there was an inquest, and among his effects was an old, worn but loving letter from a sister who lived in a far off isle in the Southern seas.

Two army discharges showed him to have served under the fiery cross of St. George, in India, at Malta and at Gibraltar, and, as his life's history developed, it was found that he had been a soldier under the starry flag as well; and the verdict was that he had been an English soldier and was dead in a foreign land. If he had been seemingly friendless while living, he was not friendless now, when he was dead. For when it was known that he had been a soldier in the Union, the true-hearted boys of the Grand Army of the Republic asked no more, but silently gathered around him and tenderly lifted his poor, worn body into the casket they had provided, disposed his weary limbs at length, folded his thin hands, smoothed his hair as softly as his mother did in the glad days of his youth, and when they laid him down to rest within the shadow of the beautiful mountains, two flags lay crossed on John Creighton's breast. One was the flag of old England, and one had on it forty-four stars.

MARION D. EGBERT.

South Bend, Wash.

On the Round-Up.

The bounding spring of the pony under the saddle proves him full of the spirit and vigor of the new day and beneath his long, tireless lope the miles fly to the rear. The big jack rabbits scuttle out from under the sagebrush and with ears erect go sailing away with their long, jerky leaps; a band of antelopes surprised in a cozy draw start to their feet and then stare for one

startled instant, then vanish in a cloud of dust over into another swale; a sneaking coyote is spied slinking away to his hole—there is a popping of six-shooters and generally only a somewhat scared and sprinkled fugitive as a result; a quickswerve of the horses reveals a coiled rattler, sounding his alarm and ready to strike; the nearest rider leaps to the ground, dextrously stuns the reptile with his long quirt, smashes his head and adding the rattles to the string around his hat, races after his fellows. Thus, with ever-recurring incident and change of scene the party pushes on, now walking awhile to breathe the horses and again resuming the rapid pace; the gently rolling hills rise and fall, the sun climbs slowly higher and higher, and finally the foreman espies in the distance the landmark that limits his northern advance. Halting about two miles this side he explains the course to such as need to be informed, then dropping a man every quarter-mile he continues on till he reaches the point. The horses' heads are now turned to the west, the line moves steadily forward, the riders driving everything before them in gradually converging paths, and the real work of the day has begun.

Throwing the scattered groups of cattle in one bunch as fast as they come up with them, the ever-increasing herd is urged forward at what seems a snail's pace after the delightful dash from camp. The weary miles drag slowly by; hurrying the heavy steers is strictly prohibited; the sun beats fiercely down as over the hot sand hills and across beds of alkali tossed in clouds of suffocating dust by the shuffling, rattling hoofs the more or less patient punchers push their charges onward at a steady walk. It is a sinister-looking lot that about 12 or 1 o'clock arrives at the round-up ground. Men and animals are white with dust; beneath each broad sombrero is seen but two irritated and inflamed eyes, the nose, mouth and chin being covered by varicolored handkerchiefs, that make the newcomers look more like the masked participants in a lynching bee than peaceable, law-abiding ranchmen. Jack's men, who were first on the ground, have long since "worked" the other bunches, now drive their "culls" near to the foreman's herd, and reinforcing the tired outsiders, begin to rnn out the 4-year-olds bearing the ranch brand. In half an hour the "cut" is completed and the bunch turned over to the captain, who signals to a waiting group that their turn has come. "Throw them into the cavy, boys," orders the foreman, and leads the way to his own beef herd that is feeding quietly a mile or so distant. Soon the morning's gather is merged in the main body and at the welcome "go to camp" that the good-natured boss always loves to shout when the work is done, the tired and hungry riders, who have been ten hours in the saddle, with a whoop that their plucky but "gaunted" ponies fully understand, make a headlong bolt for the wagons—a quick jerk at sinches and head-stall and the unencumbered, liberated broncho throws himself on his back, rolls over and over with grunts of satisfaction and then trots off to his fellows, while his recent rider loses no time in getting into the immediate vicinity of the waiting dinner.—*Philadelphia Times*.

In the Lone Wild West.

In the *Weekly Irish Times*, of April 6th, appears a characteristic letter from the pen of Rev. H. R. Hawels, who recently made a tour in the Canadian and American Northwest. We clip the following extracts:

A CANADIAN M. P.

I traveled over the Rockies with a Canadian M. P.—he was on the stump—"Traveling," as he said, "in view of the elections." How did he do it? Simply got out at every railway station and chatted to little clusters of miners, over-

seers,—anyone hanging about,—shaking hands all around, and then got into the train again. A good handshake anywhere, with any Tom, Dick or Harry, evidently counted in his sanguine opinion as a vote or sound electoral influence. He was a cheery soul—"Oirish, bedad!" and proud of it, with a true Hibernian gift of the gab. "Explain!" I said, after watching him at his business.

"You wonder whativer I'm after! And, sir, shure I'm after picking up votes, and the boys are round the stations, or nowhere in the world. 'Tis a lone land—a mighty lone land—when I tell you my constituency is about as large as all England, and about as populous as a London parish."

"So?" I said. "And you can work the chief centers from the Canada Pacific station all along the line?"

"You've just hit it, me friend, and here's the last station in my constituency, so I'll git off and wait for the train all the way back—two days and nights,—and a grand meeting in the big town at the end, and I'll spake for thray hours, with jist a taste of 'Rye' (the Canadian whisky) in the whater—like Master Disraeli—a whiff of Home Rule in me spalch, to be sure,—but not o'er mooch, as 'tis gone a little oot o' fashion—bid a flare-up to her Majesty, Queen Victoria, for me peeroration, and here's to her good health!"

Whereupon he tossed off the last jorum of "Rye," leapt on the platform as the train blew its sepulchral whistle, and, as we read in the "Pilgrim's Progress," "I saw no more."

But the episode serves to illustrate the loneliness of the land, and its sparse population, and how comparatively few have as yet set to work to subdue the earth of Western Canada.

ON THE FRASER RIVER.

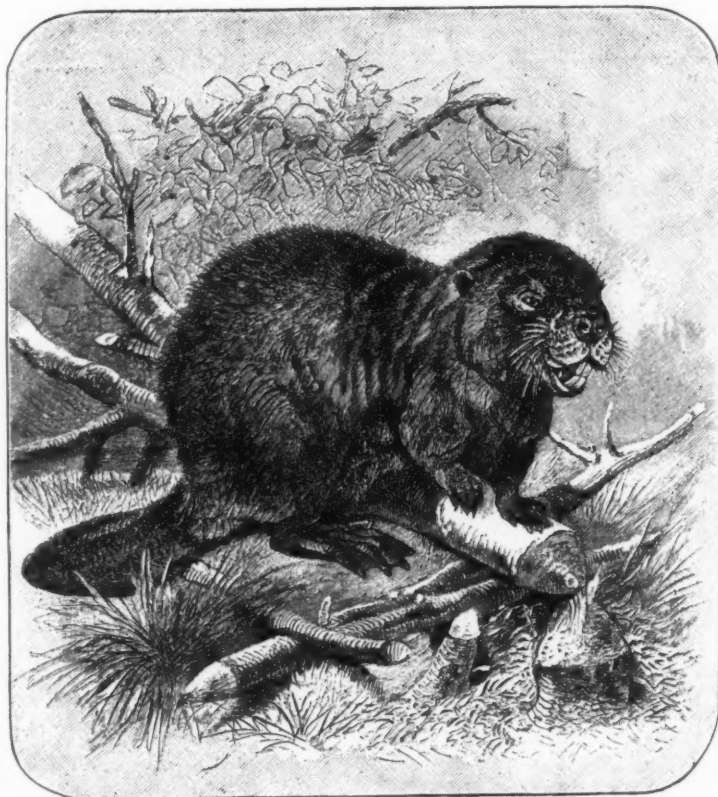
After being sated in Europe with our "centuries of civilization," it is a sort of wonder and delight to break in upon a new world, for such is Western Canada. The extreme beauty and varied splendor of the scenery through which I am at this moment passing (the Fraser River, near Yale), en route for Vancouver, compels me to look up constantly from my writing pad, as I wind from rocky precipice to fir-clad valley, and almost on a level with the Frazer River. A band of eager gold washers are busy with shovel and basket by the sand-tossing torrent. Now to the height borne aloft, as it were, on the wing of this wonderous railway, I gaze down the sheer cliff, from the home of the moose and the wild brown bear. A new bend of the river discloses a range of snow mountains, beside which the Alps look almost puny. Down into the valley again! On a low promontory a settler's snug hut, a little farm and the giant charred stumps of the primeval forest still about the homestead. Nature has had notice to quit, but will not be soon evicted of winter forests, just beginning to put on the green robe of spring. Sweet mountain air of the high valley, I cannot tarry. How I would love to descend for an hour and wash gold with yon cheery adventurers, in their enchanted land, and then return with you to your trim, well-to-do log shanties, vocal with sparse, but chubby children, nondescript, half-caste girls with bright green and red silk scarfs about their heads, and brawny-armed matrons, too—but men, mostly men—youth, vigorous, swarthy fellows, and sometimes of gentle birth, too! The scenic beauties crowd—the river broadens—I am in a very Yosemite Valley—jutting low peninsulas and fairy island—and blue smoke curling up against black pines, from here and there an ideal home betwixt the wood and the waters. Another moment and I am in deep forest—wild and rocky, too. Ah! in the opening of the wood—what ghastly sight! a space, a scaffolding of sticks, and on the top a corpse scarce covered with rude swathings. 'Tis a mode of wild tribe burial, and the horrible vultures take flight. Then out into the open,

and once more beside the silted sands of the river. A white, trim church stands yonder on a lowland, close by the water side, a solitary church. No settlement is visible. Doubtless it is a Roman Catholic Church, with a priest—perhaps two fathers,—for such are sent forth by the great mother of churches, and are to be found in all waste places of the earth. True fishers of men, and dauntless pioneers of God.

Habits of the Beaver.

The beaver is one of the most important rodents. As the body of a full grown male is about two feet seven inches long and weighs about sixty pounds, there are few rodents that surpass him in size; in Europe he has no equal among the rodents. The broad head, somewhat narrowed toward the front, on a short, thick neck, and the stout body, which is wider at the rear, give the animal a clumsy look. The webbed

colonies or societies of beavers, for they settle on rivers and streams that run through forests in which the sound of the axe has never been heard, building in their characteristic fashion. Their dome-shaped houses or "lodges," which are sometimes nine feet high, serve as temporary dwellings to be used in case the underground dwellings are flooded. The latter are entered by long tunnels that open in deep water. The neighboring wood furnishes the materials for the "lodges," even thick trees fall victims of the sharp teeth of the beaver, and are skillfully cut up. The branches and twigs, the bark of which forms his food, are all used for building, being placed one upon the other without regularity; but the beaver, a natural marine architect, saves the thicker stems for a different purpose. If the level of the water in the stream on which he has settled is subject to marked variations, he builds a dam reaching from one bank to the other, these



A BEAVER CUTTING TIMBER FOR A DAM.

hind feet indicate its amphibious nature, and his tail is of such a peculiar shape that any child could recognize him by it; it is flattened, so that when one looks down upon it, it seems to be egg-shaped, and it is covered with little angular scales. The color of the tail is dark gray, while the thick fur on the animal's back is chestnut brown and that under the body is lighter. The beaver's chief tools are his very large chisel-shaped teeth, which are very long and prominent. His nose and ears are well adapted for his aquatic life, for the little short ears that are nearly hidden in the fur can be laid so flat on his head as to effectively exclude all water, and in a similar manner the nostrils are closed by thick flaps. For years past busy fancy has added many fables and fairy stories to the accounts of the beaver's life and habits, but these are sufficiently interesting without such additions, especially where he can enjoy undisturbed security.

We must go to lonely parts of Asia or North America, particularly to Canada—the latter has the beaver in its coat of arms—to find large

dams often being 650 feet long and several yards thick at the base. The thick logs are driven into the ground and bound together by thinner branches, and then the whole is covered with earth, mud and water plants, forming a scientifically built dam. When a large colony has settled in a safe place in the wilderness regular cities grow up, and the appearance of the landscape is entirely changed by the thinning of the woods and the formation of extensive ponds by the dams, for generation after generation works on, increasing the size of the settlement until the beaver cities in the lonely wood can compete for age with the cities of men. In our thickly populated Germany we look in vain for large colonies of beavers, for they are entirely extinct in most parts of the empire, and where individuals are found they do not build lodges, but content themselves with underground dwellings like those of the otter; only a few districts can now boast of possessing beaver lodges, but a few years ago a colony of thirty individuals was discovered not far from Schonebeck, on the Elbe.

Strict game laws have procured a home for him here, and here opportunity is still offered to observe him living under natural conditions. For ages there were colonies of beavers on certain parts of the Elbe and on the Danube, but in the course of time he has become a stranger in his own land.—*Illustrirte Zeitung.*

MT. RAINIER.

Bathed in the cold light of a wintry sun.
Holding thy white and fragile veil aloft,
Unstained, above the tumult and the storm,
Eternal as the white light of a star.

Smote by the first beams of the morning sun
And, like the Memnon statue of old days,
A wondrous music rises from the snow
When changed to babbling brook or torrent stream
Beneath the weird magician's potent spell,
Subdued at eve; while thou from starry height
The last wan watcher to his ocean grave.

Towering above the turmoil of the earth,
As o'er the rabble towers a lofty mind,
Cold and passionless, while the baser world
Sways to the windy trifles of the hour.
But thou, serene above the mist and clouds,
Sending a crystal tribute to the deep,
Dropped from the dizzy heights of glacial cliffs,
Forming a rainbow at its misty base,
And, re-collected, slides through darkened pines
Rolling its sheeted silver to the sea.

Oh vast memorial of creation's hand!
Unlike the Coliseum's ruined walls,
A gloomy fossil of departed mirth;
Nor like to Egypt's lonely pyramids,
Reared by the life-long toll of many hands
To guard the worthless mummies of their kings:—
Thou didst arise from subterranean fires
With vast convulsions, till the blind world rocked,
Reeling and swaying on her trackless way;
And volcanoes that had for ages slept,
Again belched forth a flood of molten rock
And rolled a fiery torrent in the sea;
While smoke and poisoned gases choked the air,
With sombre pall hiding the noonday sun,
And midnight blackness hung above the land
Save when illumined with a baleful flash,
As some terrific outburst shook the globe
And flung its red glare on the quiet moon.

Cold are the embers of the crucial flames—
The force that moulds the plastic universe—
The birth-fires—smoulder in the nether world;
Flames that were lit when ruined systems fell,
And sun and planet crashed and were no more,
Moulton and formless, till from the fiery womb,
Born in the lapses of eternal time,
Issued the suns and planets of today;
The infant world held still a pregnant spark
Of that illimitable sea of flame,
Bursting its stony barriers formed Rainier.

LOUIS LUSH.

North Yakima, Wash.

WHEN THE BOAT COMES IN.

Hoarse and deep is the sounding cry
From the engine's ponderous throat,
Two long calls, and three that are short,
And we know the name of the boat.
So down to the levee the crowds begin
To surge and sway when the boat comes in.

True to the pilot's guiding touch,
The great wheel moves more slow,
And the sullen waters swirling back,
Leave the mud banks bare and low
For a moment's space, then they begin
To sweep up the bank, when the boat comes in.

How the ripples swish as she heads up-stream;
How the ropes creak, lowering the plank;
And the dusky deck hands forward rush,
As she swings to the muddy bank.
Then, two by two, in clattering din,
They tote off the freight, when the boat comes in.

Black are the shadows the searchlight throws
O'er the crowds that come down to see;
While the pretty girls, and their giggling beaux,
Whisper in smothered glee.
For all is bustle, and noise, and din,
On the river front when the boat comes in.
The midnight waters are lightly spanned
By the moonlight's bridge of gold,
And great gray rocks like sentinels stand
Over some fortress old;
While the lapsing waters, in ripples thin,
Slip noiseless by when the boat is in.

MAUDE MEREDITH.

Dubuque, Ia.

MONTANA'S GREATEST GOLD MINE.

A Visit to the Diamond Hill Mine, in the St. Louis District, Jefferson Co.

By E. V. Smalley.

The most valuable gold mine in Montana today, and perhaps the most valuable in the entire Rocky Mountain Country, is unquestionably the Diamond Hill mine, in Jefferson County, near the old placer camp of St. Louis. This mine deserves the high rank here assigned it by reason of the enormous quantity of free-milling quartz already exposed by a few months of development work in tunnels and in open cuts; by reason, also, of the position of the ore bodies, which are upheaved to the crest of a hill five hundred feet above the adjacent gulches and can be easily reached by tunneling from any point on the hill-slopes; and, further, because of the economy of mining the soft ore in the wide veins and of conveying it by gravity to the mills. There is no hoisting of ore or pumping of water. Everything comes out of the tunnels above the two stamp-mills now in operation, and it is certain that there is, above the lowest level opened, fully five hundred feet of good ore lying in veins of from seven to one hundred feet in width. Thus there is an enormous mass of free-milling ore to take out before there will be any need of sinking shafts, or any danger of the ore changing in character and bearing refractory silver—the fate of a great many gold-quartz mines when they are sunk down below the water level.

The placer grounds at St. Louis, and down Indian Creek below that little hamlet, were discovered as long ago as 1866 and were actively worked for over twenty years, yielding four or five million dollars' worth of gold. Indian Creek heads in the Elkhorn Range of the Rockies and flows into the Missouri near Townsend. Diamond Hill is about half a mile above St. Louis. Below that hill there was good placer ground until it was worked out, for some five miles, down to the canyon of the Creek; and below the canyon, on the high plateau which spreads out like a fan, is an enormous stretch of placer fields which have been worked for a quarter of a century and are still worked for two or three months of the year, which is as long as any water can be had. Now there is no placer gold found above Diamond Hill, in any of the gulches. This proves to the practical miner that the Diamond Hill veins are the mother-lode from which the gold found along Indian Creek has been ground up and distributed in ancient geological times.

The remarkable thing about the Diamond Hill mine is that this rich mass of ore has lain wide open during all these many years of placer working and that nobody had the enterprise to develop it until it fell into the hands of its present

owners, about two years ago. A sixteen-stamp mill was built upon the east side of the hill away back in the seventies, but after working for a short time it was taken down and removed to another camp and no further effort was made to work the ores for nearly twenty years. I have said that the mine lay wide open. This is a literal fact, for in two gulches on the side of Diamond Hill the placer gravel was washed out by bringing water high up on the slope, at large expense, and when the placer miners got out what gold there was in the dirt they left masses of quartz rock standing on each side, so rich in gold that the yellow specks and flakes can be seen in it plainly without the use of a magnifying glass. From these open gulches some of the best ore now run in the stamp-mills is taken out with



VIEW OF INDIAN CREEK VALLEY, WITH THE TOWN OF ST. LOUIS IN THE DISTANCE.

pick and shovel in wheelbarrows. This singular carelessness in overlooking a vast treasure of mineral wealth is accounted for by the fact, to be observed in all gold countries, that the placer miner has no use for quartz and knows no more about it, as a rule, than the most verdant tenderfoot. And in like manner the quartz miner despises placer mining. He loves to work underground in the long, cool galleries cut in the mountain sides, and you cannot hire him to stand in the bare, stony gulches in the broiling sun and shovel dirt and gravel into sluice-boxes. Explanations aside, however, the fact remains,—and it is a highly-interesting fact, that there is now opened on Diamond Hill, Montana, less than fifty miles from Helena and only twelve from the Northern Pacific Railroad, a gold mine that two millions of dollars could not buy today, that was bought two years ago for a trifling sum and has already paid back to its lucky owners all the

money they have spent upon it. These owners are the Diamond Hill Mining Company, consisting of only three persons—John S. Miller of Helena, who owns half the stock, John B. Wilson of Helena, who owns one-fourth, and Angus McDonald, of Phillipsburg, who has the other fourth and who is the superintendent of the mine. When the little five-stamp mill, which completely demonstrated the value of the ore, was started last September, Mrs. Miller came out from Helena and blew the whistle that, echoing through the gulch, announced that the Diamond Hill had become a great producing property.

One curious circumstance in the history of the Hill that should not be omitted from this account, is the leasing of one of the old workings a few years ago by three miners who, in a single winter's season, actually sacked and shipped out sixteen thousand dollars' worth of ore, and, dividing their money, vanished from the scene, abandoning the property and never appearing again in Montana. It seems as if an odd combination of circumstances had kept the great hill of good ore almost intact for a quarter of a century to make the fortune of its present owners.

A party of four left Helena on the east-bound express one evening in April last to visit the Diamond Hill mine, under the guidance of John S. Miller. We left the N. P. train at Townsend, a

small town on the level, irrigated bottoms that stretch along the Missouri River for thirty miles. It was after midnight and we made haste to tumble into bed. In the morning the landlord of the little hotel surprised me with a juicy and tender beefsteak and a cup of good coffee—two breakfast luxuries not often obtainable in country taverns—and we set off at eight o'clock in a handsome carriage that seemed much too luxurious a conveyance for the rough roads we expected to traverse. Our grips were put in a spring wagon that carried the mail up to St. Louis. We crossed the Missouri on a new steel bridge and began to ascend the gentle slope of a broad mesa, furrowed here and there by long, deep gulches washed out by the placer miners. In early mining days there were two active mining camps on this plateau, one called Hog'em and

the other Cheat'em; but of these rival camps nothing now remains save a few scattered log huts. The placer ground is still worked, however, but in only a feeble and desultory way by a few men who depart when the snows have melted in the mountain gorges and there is no longer water enough in the little runnels to supply their sluice-boxes.

Climbing continually, mile after mile, we soon had spread out behind us a vast panorama of brown country, through which ran the winding, willow-fringed Missouri, and beyond which, on the eastern horizon, rose the large, black, sand-streaked wall of the Belt Mountains. Far below us Townsend looked like a chess-board when the game is fairly begun. Far off to the south we could see the white summits of the peaks of Gallatin, more than a hundred miles distant as the crow flies. Soon we were boxed in by the steep, gray walls of Whiplapper Canyon. We

passed, by a close squeeze in the narrow gorge, a four-horse "outfit" hauling coal, and two six-horse teams pulling big cast-iron mortars up to the new stamp-mill. Then we came out of the canyon upon a lofty bench a thousand feet above the valley, and thence descended into the gulch of Indian Creek. Here the road winds among the heaps of gravel and boulders left by the placer miners when they tore up the ground years ago in their eager search for the yellow nuggets.

St. Louis is a quaint and typical little mining hamlet, consisting of perhaps a score of log houses strung along half a mile of dusty road. The only frame building is shared by the store and a saloon. The hotel is a one-story log affair of four rooms, kept by a Mexican from Sonora and his Indian wife—not a bad retreat, however, for a tired man who has been tramping over the mountain slopes, foot-sore and out of breath. In the front room there are two good beds, a carpet and a rocking chair, and on the walls, beside some photographs of the landlord and his relatives, is a good portrait of Thomas H. Carter, the new senator from Montana.

Our team took us through the town and a mile on up the gulch to the stamp-mill and big boarding-house of the Diamond Hill mine. Then we had to take to our legs and make a stiff climb up the steep slopes to the first tunnel, which runs in for about 300 feet and strikes a forty-five-foot vein of brown, soft ore, passing through a seven-foot vein as though it were of no account. The ore cars run out upon a trestle and dump their contents into a long timber-slide that communicates with the ore bins of the mill below. About a hundred feet higher than this tunnel is one of the open cuttings to which I have already alluded. Here vast masses of ore have been exposed by the old placer workings, and there are tens of thousands of tons which are literally in sight and can be shoveled out as easily as gravel is taken from a side-hill pit.

A quarter of a mile from this ore quarry is another and much larger and longer excavation where equally good gold ore shows in walls and floor in enormous quantities. We go down this gulch a few rods and enter a tunnel which goes into the hill-side for perhaps forty rods and cross-cuts a vein so thick that a literal descrip-

tion of it will, I fear, appear fabulous to experienced mining men. This vein is over one hundred feet across from wall to wall, and it is good

ore all the way, without faults, as I assured myself by examining the sides of the tunnel carefully with my lighted candle. No part of this



EARLY PLACER EXCAVATIONS ON DIAMOND HILL.

The walls and floor of this gulch consist mainly of good free-milling gold ore.



FORTY-STAMP MILL OF THE DIAMOND HILL COMPANY.

The road on the hill-side is the route of a tramway shortly to be built for transporting ore to the mill.



A VIEW OF DIAMOND HILL.

This picture shows the five-stamp mill erected to demonstrate the value of the property and the opening worked to supply it with ore.

vast ore body yields less than \$10 of gold to the ton when run through the mill, and there are streaks that go as high as twenty, thirty, and even forty dollars. A shaft has been sunk from the top of the hill to the tunnel and is in the same kind of ore all the way down from the grass roots. From this tunnel and from the open cut where it begins, comes the ore for the new forty-stamp mill just completed at a cost of \$40,000. Down the gulch and at a level two hundred feet below this tunnel, another tunnel has been run into the ore body. It is, therefore, certain that this vein is at least 500 feet in perpendicular depth. How much farther it may run down into the earth is a matter for conjecture, but there is no likelihood that it will give out or that its ore will change from free-milling to base for another 500 feet.

Now, as to the extent of the veins, if they can be called veins—for it is hardly correct to use the word in connection with such a mass of ore. Half a mile from the present workings and on the top of the hill is an old shaft down sixty-five feet. Three other shafts are down to depths ranging from forty to one hundred feet, on the opposite side of the hill—all in the same sort of ore. These shafts were formerly worked to supply the little, primitive mill that was moved away. There is also a cut on the southeast side of the hill, forty rods long and forty feet deep, all in ore, that was once worked by men who picked out the richest ore and shipped it in sacks. All these developments cover an area of about half a mile square, and under all this surface are found masses of ore alternating with strata of the country rock, which is a porphyry. At many places in the soft ore bodies are found small seams of a very hard ore carrying a good deal of iron. When put through the mill this rock yields more gold than the soft, semi-decomposed quartz. There is very little silver in these Diamond Hill ores, hardly enough to take account of; in fact, rarely more than half an ounce in a ton. There is no lead, no lime and no arsenic. Singularly enough, this entire formation is almost as isolated as an island in the sea, for none of the numerous mines opened in the vicinity, save in one direction, show any free-milling ore. They are mostly lead-silver prop-

ositions, carrying a little gold. I do not know whether the geologists would call Diamond Hill an upheaval or a deposit. Certain it is, however, that this unique knob of porphyry and gold-bearing quartz has no relation to the formations around it. On the south the characteristic Diamond Hill oxydized ore appears to dip down under the narrow valley of Indian Creek and reappear on Giant Hill opposite in a number of narrow veins and stringers like the frayed edge of a piece of cloth. These small veins are very rich, some of them running as high as \$200. The principal mine is the Little Giant, which has a mill on Crow Creek. Other veins are worked in a small way and the ore sorted and shipped to the Helena smelter. On the other side of Giant Hill the same veins seem to unite in a sixty-foot

lead called the Blacksmith, which is under bond and is owned in part by Senator Carter, of Helena.

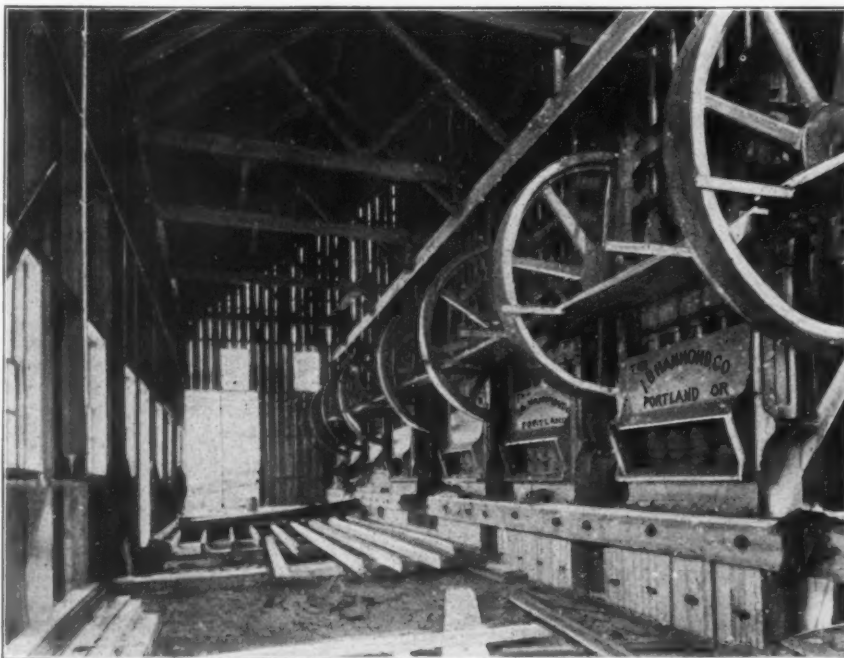
There are many good mines in the St. Louis district, but the Diamond Hill is a property of such enormous proportions that it dwarfs all its neighbors. Nowhere else in the United States, unless it be at the Treadwell mine in Alaska, can there be seen such huge masses of gold quartz as are already exposed in the tunnels and in the open surface cuts of this mine. The Diamond Hill is stocked at \$2,500,000, and there is none of its stock for sale today at par. By the time the new mill has been run sixty days the mine will have repaid to its owners all the purchase money and all the cost of development and improvement. These fortunate owners contemplate a much larger mill as a feature of their plans for the future working of the property—a mill to be run with electric power situated at the falls of Crow Creek, about twelve miles distant. They own a great deal of the old placer ground in St. Louis Gulch, and one of their schemes is to bring water from a long distance and hydraulic the entire gulch out from end to end.

THE DIAMOND HILL GOLD PROPERTIES.

These properties consist of five quartz claims, two quartz mills, boarding and lodging-houses. The quartz claims are the Crown Hill, Modock Chief and Gold Hill, all full claims, 600x1,500 feet, the Diamond, 115x2,200 feet, and the Diamond Fraction, lying at the south or lower end of the other claims and extending down into the valley of the south fork of Indian Creek.

The geological structure of the ridge containing the Diamond Hill mine, is very plain and simple. The rocks are metamorphosed siliceous and porphyritic slates regularly stratified. The strata dip toward the south or Indian Creek at angles varying from 35° to 75°. These strata are either siliceous or porphyritic, containing some lime and magnesia.

The Diamond Hill mine is a quartz vein which cuts the rock strata of Diamond Hill directly across the line of stratification, or some twenty degrees from a meridian line. This vein has been examined by numerous shafts and cross-cuts and surface exposures, showing a continuous vein from the north end of Crown Hill claim to



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW FORTY-STAMP MILL OF THE DIAMOND HILL COMPANY.

the valley of the South Fork of Indian Creek, or a length of more than 3,000 feet.

The width of this vein is not yet fully determined, but in places the ore exposed shows a width varying from forty to ninety feet, but the work has not yet been continued wide enough and deep enough to show the vein where it is well defined below the surface irregularities, caused by the fragments of wall-rock filling portions of the crevice and the walls being but partially defined. But the evidence is conclusive that the Diamond Hill is a true fissure vein. It cuts the containing rocks at nearly right angles to their stratification. It has regular walls showing selvages and slickensides in places; and the great deposits are very long, direct and continuous. These facts prove beyond any reasonable doubt that the Diamond Hill is a true fissure vein which will continue down to the interior sources whence the precious metals of the earth were derived.

The tunnel at the mill No. 1 reaches the vein at a distance of 170 feet, and a mass of ore thirty feet high, forty feet long and thirty-five feet wide has been taken out. Above this cavity a much larger area of the ore has been worked from the surface, and shafts have been sunk to the cavity below, showing the depth of ore worked and proved up at this place, to be 120 feet; and the ore was still going down.

The tunnel at the new mill No. 2, cuts the vein fully 100 feet above the drainage and penetrates a body of ore 119 feet long and 90 feet wide, which is connected with extensive surface working. These show a display of ore of 130 feet. This body of ore continues at both ends along the vein and down in full force at the bottom.

This body of ore is exposed on the surface to the width of seventy-five feet and along the vein for the distance of 1,500 feet. Shafts have been sunk on the vein above these workings in places

sufficient to prove its extension north; and several hundred feet of the lower end have been so exposed by hydraulic washings as to prove the ore continuous. This vein has been absolutely proved by the continuous exposure of the ore for 2,000 feet and by shafts and cuts into the ore for 1,000 feet more. There are at least half a million tons of good ore now in sight and ready to yield a million profit to the skillful miners and mill men working it.

The gold is contained in sulphides and oxides of iron and an impure quartzite. The iron ores

were originally sulphides, which have been changed to oxides wherever the drainage has permitted a free circulation of air; so we shall find the oxidized and free-milling ore extending down some 100 feet at the lower end of the lode, and fully 500 feet at the upper or north end. But the ore below permanent water will be mostly sulphides.

A great many tests that have been made of this ore prove there are some very rich streaks of the sulphide running through the great body of this vein. Many carloads have been shipped to



EMPLOYEES OF THE DIAMOND HILL MINING CO., ST. LOUIS, MONTANA.



VIEW OF THE DIAMOND HILL MINES, SHOWING OLD AND NEW MILLS AND COMPANY'S BOARDING-HOUSE.



JOHN S. MILLER, OF HELENA, MONTANA.

the smelters which have returned from \$50 to \$85 per ton. Reliable experts have proved that fifty feet of this vein contains \$18.69 per ton. After a careful examination of these ores and their yield in the mills, I am fully satisfied that there will be no difficulty in selecting any quantity desired which will yield \$8 per ton.

Some of the rich sulphurets will not yield all their gold by the ordinary mill process, but the tailings can be saved and worked over or smelted with great profit.

Many thousand dollars have been washed out from the decomposed material on the surface of this vein. During the untold ages since these veins were formed and were ready for the glaciers which swept over this country, grinding down the rocks and depositing the material and the gold in the low places along the vein and in the valley of Indian Creek below. Some may think it must have taken a slow-moving glacier a long time to grind out all the gold found along this lode and down Indian Creek; but glaciers are "the mills of the gods, which grind slow but fine." There was time enough during the 500,000 years of the Glacial Period. There are no

large boulders in these placers, such as the great northern glaciers brought down from distant regions; but the rocks are small fragments of those found in the hills above. This proves their local origin. The Diamond Hill has left a wonderful record of its yield. When worked by an arastra, it and the surface washing yielded not less than \$100,000.

This vein is so situated above the mills that any desired quantity of the ore can be sent into the crushers by its own weight, and the cost of mining and working will not be over \$1.50 per ton, probably not over \$1.00 in the new mill run by water.

The improvements, besides the work in the mine, consist of two mills and the necessary boarding and lodging houses. The new mill has forty stamps, one ore crusher and eight automatic feeders, all driven by a Pelton wheel. The old mill has a five-stamp battery, a Huntington mill of one pan, and an ore crusher, all run by steam power.

There are several springs of good water on Squaw Gulch near the boarding-house and the two mills. These are sufficient for all ordinary uses; but the water for the Pelton wheel of the new mill is brought in an open ditch, boxes and



MRS. JOHN S. MILLER.

important enterprise. You will find him any day wearing blue overalls and an old felt hat, striding over the slopes of Diamond Hill and in the levels of the mine, pushing the operations at all points with tireless energy. John B. Willson is one of the solid business men of Helena and is widely known throughout the State. Fortune has smiled on him in more ways than one of late. His daughter's wedding, a few months ago, was a brilliant social event, and the great gold discoveries on Diamond Hill make him one of the wealthy men of Montana.

THE SILVER WAVE GROUP.

Next morning we were up early and the landlord's Indian wife, who used to belong to one of the tribes in Puget Sound, served an excellent breakfast of eggs fresh from her own poultry yard, light biscuits, ham, corn-bread and coffee. My companion and I climbed into a spring wagon and set out up the gulch for the Silver Wave group of mines. Our driver was Otto Albrecht, the discoverer of the veins in that lofty basin, a German-American and a good authority on all



J. G. WILSON, OF HELENA, MONTANA.

iron pipes, from a distant source; and that for the old mill comes in boxes from Indian Creek, a distance of 4,900 feet. The locality and the mines are dry and healthful, and the workmen appear well and pleased with their work.

G. C. SWALLOW, M. D. LL. D.

DIAMOND HILL PORTRAITS.

Our group of portraits of the fortunate owners of the Diamond Hill mine will interest all our Montana readers. John S. Miller was born in Illinois and not in Missouri, as was stated in a paragraph concerning him in our last issue. He is today the most active and prominent promoter of gold and silver mining interests in Montana, and his native State, of which he is proud, deserves credit for producing a man of such energy and enterprising spirit. Angus McDonald is president of the First National Bank of Phillipsburg and had accumulated an ample fortune before he took hold of the Diamond Hill development. If he were an Eastern man he would probably be enjoying life in a lazy way at cities and watering-places; but he is a typical Montanian of sturdy Scotch ancestry and he is never so happy as when hard at work managing the development of some



ANGUS M'DONALD, OF PHILLIPSBURG, MONTANA.



MRS. ANGUS M'DONALD.



OFFICES OF THE DIAMOND HILL MINING CO., ST. LOUIS, MONTANA.

the mines and formations of the St. Louis district. In a distance of two miles we ascended seven hundred feet. In some places the road was so steep that the panting horses were halted to rest and get breath every few rods. Finally we entered a beautiful little basin of perhaps a thousand acres in area, surrounded by steep, grassy slopes, on which the snow still lay in streaks and patches. The opening of the Silver Wave mine about four years ago in the center of this basin attracted a good deal of enterprise and there are more than a dozen good prospects in sight, a few of which have been sufficiently developed to merit the name of mines. The Silver Wave is now under bond for \$55,000 to W. L. McCague of Helena and Jno. B. Hoyt, of Chicago. Before bonding it Mr. Albrecht took out sixty car loads of ore which yielded to the ton \$22 in gold, 12 ounces of silver, and which contained 28 per cent of lead. The Silver Wave has a steam hoist, and for its age is a pretty well developed property.

Its most important near neighbor is the Queen Bee, which has an entirely different kind of ore—iron pyrites carrying from \$18 to \$25 of gold to the ton. This property is bonded for \$20,000 and the plans for working it contemplate a concentrator run with water from the mine. The present development consists of a shaft down eighty-five feet, with a steam hoist and a tunnel 210 feet long, striking the bottom of the shaft. The vein has been cross cut and shows from eighteen to thirty feet of ore. Seven openings from the surface on the vein show a continuation of the vein 2,000 feet in length. This is unquestionably an excellent concentrating property. Its owner, J. A. Hassel, is an old Montananian, who came to the Territory in 1866 from Nevada. He was born in Dover, Maine, and went to California in 1856. He has lived in the St. Louis district since 1879 and took out \$80,000 of placer gold from the gulch above the town during the active years of placer mining along Indian Creek. He discovered the Queen Bee in 1890. He owns a number of promising undeveloped claims in the district.

The Goodyear Mining Company of Helena own seven claims in this group, the best developed of which is the J. I. C. This company is actively at work and is likely to put out a good deal of ore this season. The Whopper, just above the Silver Wave, is owned by the Crow Mountain Mining Company. Its shaft is down 130 feet and the four cars of ore shipped early in the spring

produced \$16 of gold and 18 ounces of silver to the ton and carried 22 per cent of lead. The Justice, an extension of the Silver Wave, is a promising mine. The Boston and Bay State Company have a prospect a mile and a half west of the Silver Wave, which shows a number of small veins and stringers of rich, high-grade gold ore.

SAMUEL K. DAVIS, OF HELENA.

The pioneer in the mining stock brokerage business in Helena and the only man who has been regularly and continuously engaged in it for many years, is Samuel K. Davis, who is an authority on all the mining operations in Montana and furnishes regular reports for the Engineering and Mining Journal, of New York. He was born in Saratoga County, New York, in 1829, and was first engaged in business at Schenectady. In 1840 he went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he remained until 1869, engaged in mercantile pursuits. He has traveled extensively for the wholesale trade of St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati; also for the La Grange Iron Company, of Tennessee. In 1888 he settled in Helena. He has an extensive acquaintance with capitalists in the East and South and has been the means of bringing much capital to Montana and placing it in good interests. Inquiries as to investments or any information will, at all times, be most cheerfully answered by him.

TOWNSEND BUSINESS MATTERS.

Townsend is profiting largely from the operations in the St. Louis district, as the railway station and general supply point for the entire mining region centering around the old placer hamlet of St. Louis, twelve miles distant. Every morning a long train of heavily loaded freight wagons, each drawn by six horses, leaves Townsend for the mines carrying machinery, provisions, powder, fodder and merchandize. These teams make a round trip in a day, and the return in the evening with jolting of wheels, cracking of whips and the shouts of the drivers, makes an animated scene in the long main street of the place. Other teams set out for White Sulphur Springs which lies to the east on the other side of the Belt Mountains, and for numerous mining camps and cattle and sheep ranches in that district. Around Townsend lie the broad reaches of level and fertile bottom lands known locally as the Missouri Valley, where grain and forage crops are raised by irrigation.

Mercantile business in this part of Montana tends to concentration in the hands of a few long-



PROF. A. D. CHURCHILL, OF HELENA.



S. K. DAVIS, THE HELENA MINING BROKER, IN HIS OFFICE.

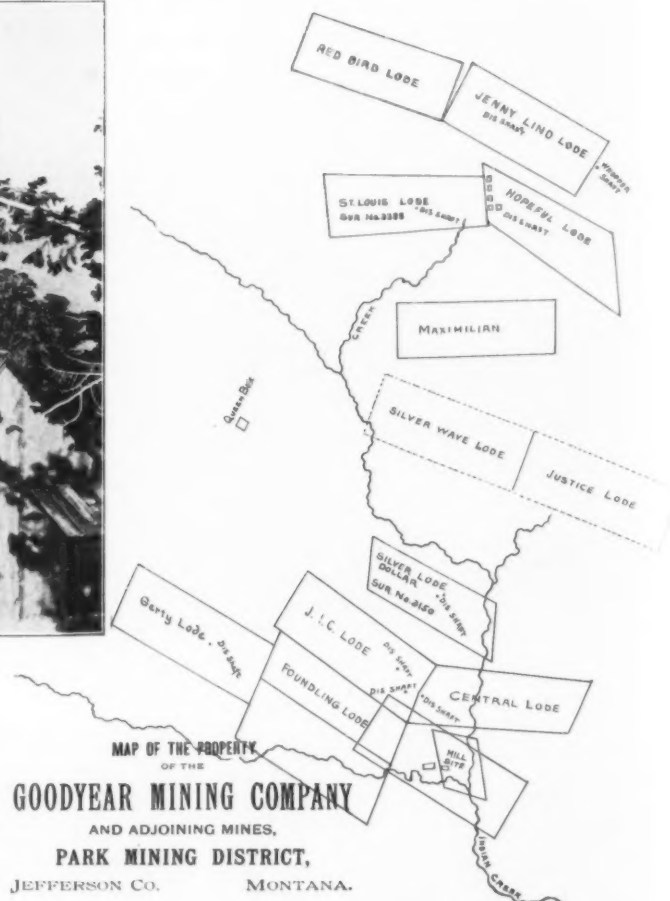


THE 'QUEEN BEE' MINE, PARK DISTRICT, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MONTANA.

established firms who carry a great variety of goods and keep heavy stocks. Such a firm is Berg Brothers, whose main stores are in Townsend and who have branch stores at Toston and St. Louis. They have been in business since 1883, and have recently erected as their headquarters establishment a big one-story building in Townsend, using for the material of the walls the handsome brown sandstone quarried just across the Missouri River. Across the street they have another store where they keep hardware and farm utensils. In the two buildings may be found pretty much everything used by men, women and children on farms, stock ranches and in mining camps.

The enterprising firm of Tom & Fick McCormick, who conduct a general livery and freight business both in Townsend and St. Louis, are particularly well situated for accommodating the public travel between those two towns and elsewhere, as they have well-equipped liveries and barns at each end of the line. In connection with their extensive livery business they are

thoroughly well-fixed for handling large amounts of heavy and bulky freight. As an example of their ability to move freight rapidly and carefully the fact may be referred to that, on February 19, 1895, the first car of material for the construction of the Diamond Hill Mining Company's forty-stamp mill and mill building, arrived at Townsend. In just forty-one days from that date Messrs. McCormick delivered on the mine premises, eleven miles distant, all up-hill pull, one hundred and sixty-seven thousand feet of lumber, two hundred and forty thousand pounds of machinery, one-half mile of iron pipe ranging from fifteen to thirty-six inches in diameter, enough railroad iron to build a half a mile of railroad, over two hundred tons of coal and all supplies used in and about the mine, making a tonnage of over six hundred and fifty tons. In addition to this they on many days loaded back



MAP OF THE PROPERTY
OF THE
GOODYEAR MINING COMPANY
AND ADJOINING MINES,
PARK MINING DISTRICT,
JEFFERSON CO. MONTANA.

to the railroad station at Townsend with ore, besides their regular custom work. It was a pretty sight to see each morning from three to five six-horse teams and four to seven four-horse teams pull out of Townsend loaded to full capacity for a pull up the mountain.

This firm, in connection with their livery and freight outfits, run two business houses, one in Townsend, the other in St. Louis, and it is proverbial that when a customer for a livery returns with a team the firm 'stands treat.' They are both jovial, big-hearted fellows, always ready and anxious to assist one in need, or to help



THE SILVER WAVE MINE, PARK DISTRICT, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MONTANA.



A. D. McQUEEN, OF HELENA.

along any worthy public enterprise projected by citizens of the vicinity in which they reside. Both members of this firm have resided many years in Montana, are well acquainted with the country and well informed and reliable. Their sources of information are such, and their reputation for truth and veracity so well established, that many local investments in farm or ranch lands near Townsend in the Missouri River Valley, as well as in mines in the vicinity of St. Louis, have been made by outside investors through information given by the individual members of this firm, and it is to their credit that no man can say he has been intentionally misinformed by either member.

A FAMOUS BUILDER OF STAMP MILLS.

I. B. Hammond, the head of the I. B. Hammond Company, of 60 First Street, Portland, Oregon, is widely known throughout the mining



HARDWARE STORE OF BERG BROTHERS, TOWNSEND, MONTANA.



LIVERY STABLE OF THOS. AND FICK M'CORMICK, TOWNSEND, MONTANA.

regions from Deadwood to the Pacific Coast as the inventor and builder of the stamp mill that bears his name. It would be hard to find a gold-quartz district anywhere in the United States where his mills are not known. He does not build them all at one place. San Francisco, Portland and Chicago are his principal construction points, but he is now arranging to have mills built in London and shipped to the South African gold fields. Owning the patents and patterns, he can build a mill at any first-class foundry and machine shop, by going himself or sending one of his skillful lieutenants to supervise the work. He has just finished erecting a forty-stamp mill at the Diamond Hill mine, in Jefferson County, Montana, and will soon complete a ten-stamp mill at the Gold Crown mine, near Helena.

Mr. Hammond describes his mill as "the only self-contained iron mill made." It has no wood-work. The mortar, which weighs two tons, is all cast in one piece and is of the best design for gold-saving. The frame-work is fastened to the mortar with dovetails of keystone shape, and there are no bolts and consequently

nothing to be shaken loose by the jarring of the stamps. This method of construction saves 3,000 feet of timber to each battery of five stamps, and the mills actually cost less than those using wood frames. All the accurate work is done in the shops where the mills are built and where it can be done at the least expense; and when the machines leave the shops they can be put together by inexperienced men.

The Hammond mill is famous as a gold-saver. The principle of hydrostatic separation is employed, which takes the place of the sieves in other machines and is much more effective. The separation between the fine and coarse material coming from the battery is made by an upward current of water, the fine stuff passing off upon the plate of the table and the coarse going back to pass again under the stamps. This is a great improvement on the old perforated screens and is a new feature in gold milling. More ore can be crushed at any desired fineness than it is possible



INTERIOR OF BERG BROTHERS' PRINCIPAL MERCANTILE ESTABLISHMENT, TOWNSEND, MONTANA.

to run through any mill using sieves, and an accurate sizing of the product is practicable. This permits of the use of the complete traps for catching any fine quicksilver or amalgum which would otherwise be washed away by the flow of water. The self-adjusting boxes for the can shafts are always kept lined by the shaft itself, instead of depending on mechanism, as in other machines. Each stamp stem is separately held in the guides and can be removed without disturbing the others in the battery. The guides are lined in their wearing parts with rawhide, giving the best possible service and keeping them smooth and clean.

Mr. Hammond was born near Birghampton, New York, and in his youth learned the millwright trade in Illinois, to which State his parents removed when he was a child. He was educated in Kankakee and in Chicago. When a young man he served in the geological survey of Illinois, and in the geological survey of the Big Horn Mountains, in Wyoming. Later he was engaged on the Union Pacific Railroad, constructing waterworks and iron works for the car department. Then he went to Montana, and for twenty-eight years he has been engaged in mining engineering, mining and quartz mill construction. He has erected stamp-mills in South Dakota, Colorado, Alaska, Oregon, California, Montana and Idaho. His home is now in Portland, where he is president of the Union Power Company, a concern that furnishes 1,500 horsepower by electricity, to run the street cars, passenger elevators and printing presses of that city. He is an active and vigorous man who has not yet reached the half-century mark in life.

THE DEAD MAN'S LEAD.

For the past five months the old man had come down from somewhere in the mountains with more or less regularity, bringing a tobacco-sack filled with good, red gold. When he had bought with this what provisions he needed, he would trudge away again. Sometimes he would accept a lift from a rancher, but always leaving him and taking the trail which led up to the left of the creek and toward where the pines were thickest. Into these he would plunge, and the trees and mountains might have swallowed him up, so complete was his disappearance. It had gone on like this, as I have said, for five months, and down in the town prospectors, miners and citizens in general had begun to discuss the matter with growing interest. Finally, one Sunday afternoon at "Perry's," drinking Perry's flat beer, four prospectors concluded to look into the thing a little. Luck was running too much this old man's way to suit them, and yet even Perry's beer did not quench their sense of honor.

Their plan was to see the old man's lead and buy his claim. The old man had come from from Canada, had been a trapper and had some French blood in his veins. The next week he came down, sold his gold and set out to return. The four prospectors followed, overtook him and laid their proposition before him. They told him how he might live at ease upon the money they would give him for his claim. But he was dull and stupid and would make no terms with them. When they reached the pine-trees he tried to give them the slip, but his conduct thoroughly aroused the prospectors. They hurried after him, one of them roughly taking his arm. His long, white hair tossed about his face, a strange light in his deep-set eyes, his breath coming quick and short; he was like some wild animal hunted down.

But gold makes men forget, and they crowded upon him, breaking noisily through the underbrush and cursing when they stumbled over some root or stone; for he was leading them through

an untraveled forest. Rabbits and chipmonks looked in wonder at these intruders upon their solitude.

They went on until the men were tired out. They made a stop then at a mountain stream. It was a wild place. Nature had indulged in some gigantic playfulness here. Two of them held the old man while the third argued in no gentle tones or words. The fourth sat on a rock and looked into the stream. The spirit of the place had subdued him. The old man at last consented



I. B. HAMMOND, INVENTOR AND BUILDER OF STAMP MILLS, PORTLAND, OR.

to show them his claim, but as night was coming on, and a dark night, too, in the mountains, they decided to camp where they were and go on in the morning.

The old man, apparently relieved of his former fears, went about preparing supper from the provisions he had brought with him out of the town. When he had done this he went a little ways off and, sitting down, rested his head against a pine tree, folded his arms and closed his eyes.

The men ate heartily, talking all the time. As darkness came on the old man's figure became

but a dim outline; yet a strange movement about it startled the men. The arms dropped down, the hands making a rustling sound in the pine needles.

The white head fell forward. One of the men laughed and called it sleep. But the man whom the spirit of the place had subdued, read aright and knew that the old man was dead.

A great dread filled them all, and a desire to do justice to the dead man. In the morning they made a litter of fir boughs and carried him into the town. He had kept his secret. The white hair, the set face, the toll-worn hands—told nothing.

The story got about and from that time on, for twenty years and more, men hunted for "The Dead Man's Lead;" but they never found it.

HENRIETTA JACOBS.

WASHINGTON CATTLE FOR MONTANA.

The Palouse Country is becoming by degrees somewhat noted as a cattle raising section, writes a Palouse correspondent of the *Spokane Spokesman*, for besides the number of beef cattle sold daily, numerous train loads of stock cattle have recently passed through here bound for Miles City, Montana. These were not beef cattle in the strict sense of the term, but are one, two and three-year-old, purchased at a nominal price all around about this vicinity. When sufficient quantity has been gathered together they are forwarded over the railroads to various points of the State of Montana, there to be turned out upon the range where they are allowed to roam and fatten until they are four years old, then they are shipped to the Chicago market for beef. These Montana firms have heretofore brought cattle from Texas for this purpose, but since the Texans have discovered that they can fatten their cattle on the refuse of the cotton seeds after the oil has been extracted, there have been fewer for sale, and the Montana people have to a large extent transferred their attention to this section, where they have regularly employed agents, whose sole business it is to buy and ship all they can purchase on the basis of the quotations furnished them by their employers. One of these agents here has bought upward of 350 head this spring. All these firms have plenty of money, apparently, and give checks for all they can get on the local banks, which are always honored upon presentation.

THE MINER'S BIG DOG.

The miner's big dog which appears at all the C. P. R. stations, is quite an institution. They think nothing of pulling down a wolf, or an Indian either, for the matter of that; but they are also very friendly, faithful, and intelligent, and mighty proud of their masters who certainly spoil them. In country miner's small dogs fight for the amusement of their masters. But I have seen two gold washers fight, or rather pretend to fight, simply for the amusement of their big dogs. The dogs looked on and watched the contest with the interest of connoisseurs. When their master got the best of it they jumped about wild with joy, and when he got worsted they would bark furiously at the enemy, appreciating the sport most thoroughly, but never intervening except in the way of vocal sympathy and moral support. They are also very acute and observant. Every day, at certain well-known spots, the railway refreshment car throws out its waste, and these dogs know the time, and come from afar in crowds to feast on fat things. But on Sunday there is no distribution of waste, and it is strange, but true, that never a dog makes his appearance or miscalculates his days, which certainly proves that dogs are very practical arithmeticians.



AN I. B. HAMMOND FIVE-STAMP MILL.

CRATER LAKE, OREGON.

Crater Lake, in Southern Oregon, is a remarkable body of water of oval shape, about two miles long by one mile wide at its broadest point. It lies almost on the crest of the Cascade Mountains, in a basaltic formation and has neither an inlet nor outlet. It is of great depth and has never been fathomed in its deepest places. The sides are for the most part precipitous, consisting of walls of bare, brown rock. The nearest high peaks are Mount Thielsen, on the north, which has an altitude of 9,258 feet and on the south Mount Scott, 8,500 and Mount Pitt, 10,500 feet. The lake is supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano, which filled up with water from the melting snows of the mountains after the internal fires became extinct. It is remote from all lines of travel and rarely visited by tourists.

FROM WINTER TO SUMMER.

The verdure of the fields and forests and the existence of animal life is what keeps a country from becoming a desert. In winter, the prairie region is bleak enough; but a change has taken place. The vast expanse of snow has disappeared before the genial influence of approaching summer, and life, in varied form, appears from under ground, from beneath the ice, and arrives from the south with every breeze that blows. There is a sound of wings on the air and a splash and a sparkle in every lake and river. The voice of summer is heard in the land. The pleasing sounds descend from overhead as the clamoring wild-fowl wing their way north; the meadow larks utter the pleasing melody on every hand far over the prairie; the blackbird spreads his feathers and chirps his joy from the trees by the stream; the robin shows his red breast on the woodpile, and with a voice that thrills the listener he expresses satisfaction; all the sparrow tribe are abroad, exulting in the warm air and delighted with their life. The prairies are putting on their summer robes of green, gemmed with purple anemones, and the woods are preparing to become glorious with blossoms and expanding leaves. Even the clouds have changed their aspect, and brighter skies now arch a reviving world.—*Pilot Mound Sent.*

THE JIM RIVER ELMS.

It would be extremely interesting to know how old many of the gnarled, stunted, twisted-limbed elms are that line the banks of the Jim River in this State. They have withstood the blasts of many score winters' winds—how many only an approximate estimate can be made. From the slow growth of the young trees, and the unchanging appearance of the larger ones, it is evident that these Dakota storm-beaten guardians of the valley-stream are very old, perhaps several hundred years. The twisted and knotted limbs, the large trunk compared with the low height of the tree, the extremely tough and enduring fiber of the wood, which it is almost impossible to split with wedge and axe, show with

certainly a very slow growth; and the necessity of acquiring all these qualities to resist the fierce onslaughts of the prairie winds, is apparent. In the Southern States the elm has a far more rapid growth than here, and there the tree shoots up to a great height, symmetrical and easy-growing. Here the tops are flattened, the branches spread out close to the ground, the trunk is out of proportion to the height and the tree "bunches up", so to speak, to resist the wind.

Just now the elms along the frozen river show in every detail their power of combating the fierce elements of the plains; show how deep rooted is the foundation for the tree, what ability to resist cold has been developed, what endurance of the limbs to the steady push of the wind. Like other natives of the Northern prairie, the elm has acquired a stubborn vitality that carries it through the long tussle of the seasons in good style. It is a co-partner in endurance with the buffalo, the Indian and the bunch-grass.

Standing steadfast during the intensity of long continued cold, defying both cold and wind for centuries, bending but not breaking before the blast, relaxing into a brief budding time and a short summer's respite, the ragged, uncouth elm growing along the Jim River is a fine example of nature's tenacity of purpose in maintaining tree life on the Northern prairie.

In the long monotony of winter the Jim River elm now stands almost deserted; its distorted limbs and branches, stripped of every covering of leaf, reveal in clear detail the naked strength of the tree and its character. In summer the branches are the home of innumerable birds and their "procreant cradles" and the breeding place of myriads of insects that rise and float in gauzy

puffs from screens of green. The Indian has been driven from the companionship of the old elms, and has disappeared from the scene for all time, but the loss of the Indian and the buffalo mark but an incident in the life of the old tree. Their places are unfilled by others, yet the sturdy tree, unsacrificed to axe, unsacrificed by fire, regards it not. The tepee smoke of no man's tent rises on the wintry scene, but the old elm remains immutable and grim, pricking down the slow years of its life, the historian of the past, the mentor of the future. Only now and then a scared wood-rabbit scuttles across the roots at the base, and a drowsy grouse blinks from the branches at the rays of another sunrise.—*Jamestown (N. D.) Alert.*

MANY SHADES OF BROWN.

In the early days of Montana, says an exchange, the name of Brown was of such frequent occurrence that the old-timers distinguished them as follows: "Poker" Brown, "Hog" Brown, "Diamond R." Brown, "Log" Brown, "Snaggle Tooth," "Rocky Gap" Brown, "Whisky" Brown, "Deaf" Brown. The appliance of names to individuals for some act, was peculiar. In Choteau County there resided "Spring Heel" Jack, "Sweet Oil" Bob, "Summer House" Charley, "Four-Jack" Bob, "Slippery" Jim, "Bloody Knife," "Roley Poley" Bob, "Slick" Jim. The latter gentleman was an expert in appropriating horses not his own, for which offense he served a term at the stone fort above Winnipeg. A good story could be told of each of the others. Every man sported some kind of title—colonels, majors, captains, judges and doctors being plentiful.



CRATER LAKE, OREGON.

ON THE TOP OF MOUNT CARLETON.

By "Beth Bell."

Among the pleasant experiences I had during a visit to the State of Washington, a year ago, was one rather novel for an Eastern girl. I was told by the people out there who were not accustomed to look for anything very plucky or daring in an "Easterner." I made a trip with a friend I was visiting, to the top of Mount Carleton for the purpose of rounding up a band of horses which had been taken there for the grazing during the summer months, and now, as it was October, and light snows were already falling up there, were to be brought down to the ranch again. My friend's farm or ranch lies five miles northeast of the city of Spokane, just where you leave the open prairie and enter the great pine woods, and from the ranch to Mount Carleton is a distance of twenty-five miles, which, by the way, is no distance to speak of for the people out in that country to go if they happen to want to take lunch or spend an evening with a near neighbor.

Ever since I had first arrived at my friend's, some three or four weeks previous, I had been wild to make a trip to the mountain that loomed up before me everytime I went out of doors, in a sort of defying attitude, which only made me the more eager to try to conquer it, at least so far as to accomplish its ascent. They had discussed the subject of a party going up and camping over night, and I, being ready for everything novel, and as delighted with each new experience as a child with a new picture-book (and indeed the rare sights unfolded to me upon various trips were not unlike new picture-books), was wild to have them go. Well, as sometimes happens in even that wonderland of strange and romantic happenings, we were disappointed about getting up the party to go; so I, not to be daunted in my desire for adventure by a mere conventionality, declared my intention of going alone with Monroe, as we could manage our trip so as to stop at a rancher's and not have to camp over night; the plan being to drive to the foot of the mountain, a distance of eighteen miles, the first day, stop for the night at Davis' ranch, then the following morning ride horseback to the top of Mount Carleton, stay as long as we liked, round up the roving band of horses, descend with them to Davis', and corral them and stop another night, or go on home the whole twenty-five miles that evening.

We left home one afternoon about three o'clock, with "Ned" hitched to the buck-board, and "Fly"—a wild cayuse that nothing would hire me to approach, it was such a hideous little beast—with cowboy saddle and trappings on, leading behind; while in the buggy was my saddle, a lunch basket, shawls, blankets and a shotgun. The drive that afternoon was delightful. The great pine forest beginning here, just a few miles out from the city, extends away north for a hundred miles or more, quite into British Columbia, with only occasional clearings among the hills and the mountains, otherwise broken only by splendid lakes, which are plentiful. We rode over a hard, smooth road under those magnificent pines, not a sprig of underbrush anywhere—just a straight, smooth ground, carpeted with pine needles, but no grass—while we looked ahead

through what appeared like a vast colonnade, where no branches grew lower down than fifty feet; but above our heads they spread out majestically and showed vividly green, as the sun, already making its hasty descent, slanted its golden rays through them. It was all so still and quiet and sweet, that a peaceful content stole into my heart, and, somehow, I failed to keep up my giddy chatter.

With only the occasional break of a small clearing, where some zealous settler was trying to make for himself a little farm and home, or where a portable sawmill was busy reducing the great logs to lumber, we drove straight on for ten miles; coming at last to an open on a slight elevation, when we found ourselves directly opposite Mount Carleton. We stopped the horse and got out our field-glass to look at the mountain, and it all stood out so clearly and seemed so near, I could not believe it more than a mile or so away, though it was fully fifteen. Here our road turned to the east, and we rode on for another eight miles, now through a more varied landscape, winding about through the knolls and hollows, crossing an occasional meadow where a cozy little cottage would be found nestling down close to a hillside, and a cool little brook be babbling along its joyous way, while the tinkle of bells could be heard off a little way in the wood, as the cows came slowly homeward for the night; civilization was still pushing its way into the wilderness. All the time our road was gradually rising toward the foot-hills of the mountain, and we reached our stopping place about sunset.

It was October, and I knew that my old home-state, Minnesota, was arrayed in all her glory now; but I could not long for her as I rested my eyes upon those hills of pine, dark, dense and deep. There was a solemn dignity about their shadowy sides which, now that the sun was so low on the other side, were like black caverns where all manner of unknown evils might lurk, that impressed me with its power, and made me love the quiet gloom.

We received a hearty welcome from the rancher's family, which, by the way, I think I had better not attempt to describe. They were a distinct tribe—the father, the ten children, the five dogs (two had died the day before), the mother of the crowd of youngsters, who was the wildest of them all, and who made a pet of the most savage dog of the brood, the noise and confusion that prevailed, the wild freedom of their ways, the rough shanty of two rooms, with the dim, uncertain light of the lanterns used in place of lamps—no, I can't describe it all. I was saved from the horrors of what the night might possibly bring forth by the presence of a young lady school-teacher, who boarded with the family, and who seemed not at all disturbed by the universal melee. My one anxiety now was to know how and where we would all sleep, and I never have known to this day what the final disposition of the brood was, other than that the young lady school-teacher and myself shared one of the two rooms, and that I slept like an innocent child, with never a fear. But they were kind, the food they gave us was wholesome and good, even if there were not plates enough for all, and we were

treated with the greatest hospitality. A bag of nice apples that we had brought along for the children installed us at once into high favor with them, and their wild laughter, as they chased each other about the grounds striving to secure each the largest number of the apples, echoed noisily back from the hillsides, and made the woods seemed tenanted with unearthly spirits; it was such a lonely, far-away spot, like an unexplored world, one could imagine endless unknown dangers hidden away in the darkness among the gloomy old trees.

Next morning I was all excitement, and eager to climb the mountain. I felt rested and wide-awake and equal to anything. Our horses were saddled and we started off. For a couple of miles we traveled a comparatively easy road, up and down and up again over little hills, each one leading us a little higher than the last and nearer the goal; then we began to climb in earnest up the Indian trail, which we must follow for five miles before reaching the top.

Those who have never followed an Indian trail might think it an easy task; if so, they deceive themselves sadly. There was only the narrowest possible zigzag path, just wide enough for one, through dense tangled underbrush on the mountain side, which closed in across the path and reached away above our heads, and the trail would lose itself every little while where we could not find it, so poorly defined was the track. All the time we were going back and forth, from side to side, not more than the length of a horse in one direction, then doubling back again. I was puzzling my brain all the while to see how they had ever managed to make the trail so perfectly crooked. No civil engineer could ever have surveyed such accurate angles, or come out at the top so squarely as we did when we eventually came to the end.

Not being an expert in riding up mountain-trails, I had to keep my eyes well open, and was frequently in danger of having my horse walk off and leave me hanging by the chin to some of the vines and branches interlaced overhead. The extreme height of the animal I rode was rather unfortunate for me, but he was gentle, and by lying flat on his neck and using both hands to brush aside the branches, I managed to follow my leader; and as I met with no serious disaster, I forgave the poor horse much. I only worried as to how we were ever to go down again.

At last we reached an open space on the side, and in a few minutes more we were going up the bald incline to the top, and had reached an altitude of eight thousand feet. What struck me first was the keen, icy wind, and I was compelled to tie a silk handkerchief over my head, so penetrating was the cold. We dismounted and staked out our horses, then I took the glass and looked about me. It was the time of the year when the smoke makes the atmosphere very hazy there, but the wind had blown it all away that day, and my longing eyes were satisfied to the full with the glorious vision that would not seem a reality. The most wonderful thing to me was the great distance we could see and clearly define things. Some of the mountain ranges we could easily discern at the farther horizon were more than a hundred miles away in British Columbia, and on either side, in Montana and Idaho and beyond, the massive, rugged, towering mountain peaks rose far above our level, lifting their heads in majestic dignity and speaking inspiration and nobility to one's soul.

In sublime contrast with these were the magnificent lakes lying all about between the mountains and ranges in all directions; fine, large sheets of water, sparkling in the sunlight, and lying so peacefully and contentedly there in the shelter of the great, rocky peaks. You caught their light as you turned here and there, and it came upon you like the smile of some rugged

face, surprising you in its rare beauty, and leaving a purer, loftier faith in your heart. The most beautiful of these lakes was one that seemed to lie right at our feet, down at the base of the steep mountain side, as we looked over, being, however, sixteen miles distant. It was a very gem of light and beauty, reflecting the smooth, straight rocks that rose from its surface for hundreds of feet almost perpendicularly on two sides, and called Spirit Lake, from some sorrowful tradition among the Indians of a lost maiden's spirit that is said to inhabit the lake.

Besides the lakes and mountains we could see here and there beautiful open prairies dotted over with ranches, and pretty winding streams gliding through the valleys on their mission of blessing; and a number of little towns at various distances, with the city of Spokane off to the southeast just thirty miles, but the different large buildings of which we could easily distinguish; while Coeur d'Alene and Pend d'Oreille lakes lay in full view. It was my first experience or vision of the greatness of nature, and one I can never forget.

I was much interested in the strange character of the stone that covered a level portion of the top of the mountain. There were acres and acres of just these loose, thin, sharp rocks that appeared as if blasted out and taken up there and dumped; and the strangest thing about them is the many, many piles or columns built up as high as chimneys, and all over the locality. They have been in just this strange condition for years. The oldest Indians say they have no traditions or knowledge as to how these stones came to be piled up in this manner, nor for what purpose, but they were unmistakably piled by human hands.

After we had eaten our lunch it was time to re-saddle our horses, and to try to round up the other horses which we were to drive home. It was no easy job to do this, as we had to get ten out of about fifty that were grazing up there on the mountain, and these ten were in three different bands. But Monroe was riding his wild cayuse, which was perfectly at home on the steep, stony mountain-side, and the way he galloped over the rough, rocky ground, cutting out the horses from the different bands, was quite frightful to me. It was all I could do to keep my seat in the saddle with my old nag creeping cautiously along the steep side, though I did manage to hold several of the horses together while Monroe got the others out.

Well, after a deal of pretty hard work we, or rather my friend, managed to get all his horses together, but we had to start down the trail with quite a number of others not belonging to him following along. However, whenever we came to a bad place, where the horses would leave the trail and get tangled up in the underbrush or windfalls, we were able to cut out two or three of them and start them back up the trail, and in that way we disposed of all but one of the foreigners, which one we took all the way home, not considering it a very serious matter, as the cayuse belonged to a near neighbor.

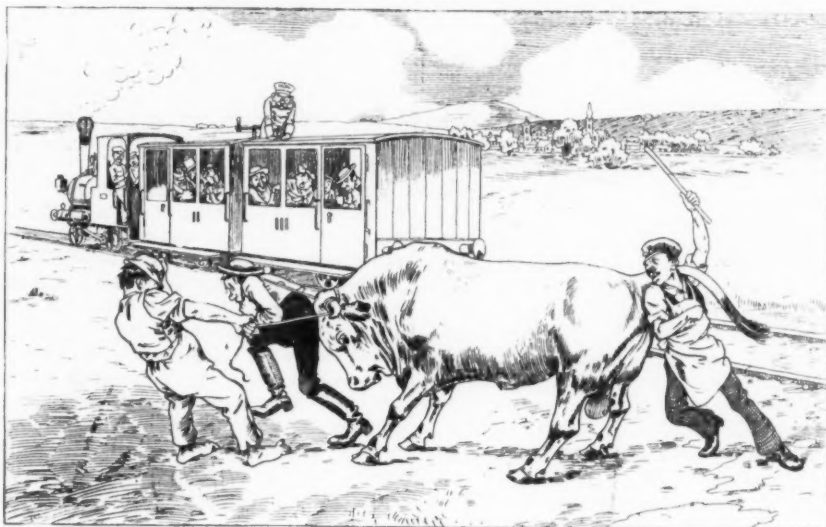
The windfalls which I have spoken of are queer sights. It seems that at times in the years past there have been cyclones of wind up there on the mountain sides which have been terribly severe, and during such times acres of trees have been felled all in a great patch; and in the years that have passed, and under all the storms and snows that have swept over these slain forests, they have been divested of every particle of bark that originally covered the trees, and now they lie there perfectly white and shining, in a complete net work of broken limbs and trunks, and looking so ghastly in contrast with the dark trees and foliage all about, I could think of nothing but "dry bones," though I was skeptical about any "breath from the four winds"

coming upon them and making them "live again." In spite of my fears, we made the journey down the perilous trail in safety, and arrived at the ranch in the morning at about 4:30.

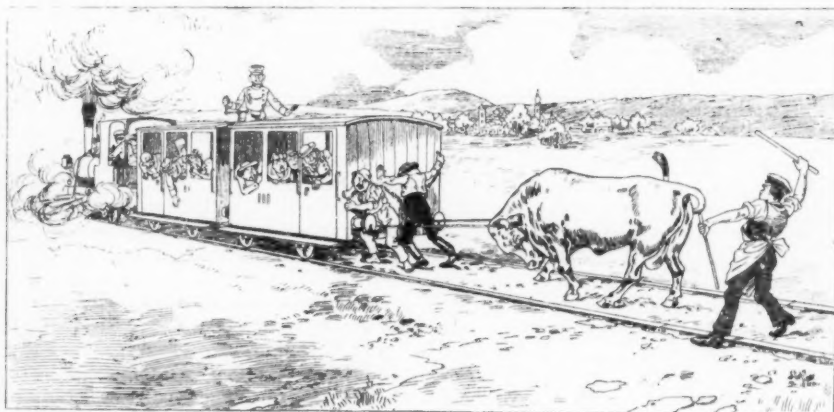
The sun was down and the moonlight beginning to show through the trees, when we started on our homeward ride of eighteen miles; I with Ned and the buckboard in the lead, the horses driven by Monroe with the cayuse following. We had rather a wild ride home. It was down-grade all the way and old Ned fairly flew along the

road. How I enjoyed the excitement, and the weirdness of the quiet woods, although I was almost frightened for a time when I was going around a long bend in the road, while the band of horses with Monroe following had cut across and gotten out of my hearing, and I realized that I was alone there, driving along the still, shadowy road. But never so much as a chipmunk came near to harm me, and soon I heard again the pretty tinkle of the bell of the leaders, and knew they were but a short distance away.

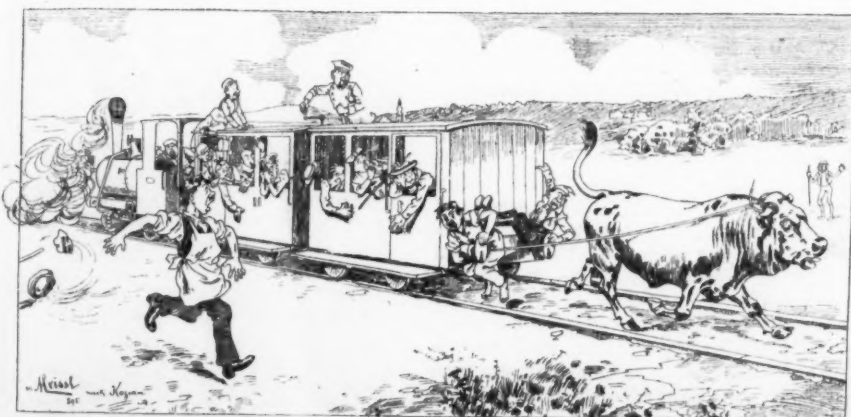
I.



II.



III.



GERMAN HUMOR.—THE OBSTINATE BULL AND THE LOCAL TRAIN.—From *Fliegende Blätter*.

WILD ANIMALS OF WASHINGTON.

By Chas. Prosch.

While the State of Washington contains varied resources of incalculable value, it is happily exempt from many of the drawbacks which have characterized nearly all of the other States. Its climate and its soil are equaled by few and are not surpassed by any, while it abounds in animal life to an extent which almost leads one to believe it was designed by a beneficent creator for the sustenance of man without the labor of tilling the soil. Its mountain streams, its rivers, and the waters of Puget Sound teem with food fishes, its sandy shores with mollusks, and its forests with deer, elk, bear and other animals whose flesh is eagerly sought by epicures. On both land and water are found large numbers of toothsome fowls of many varieties. When to these are added thirteen or fourteen kinds of wild berries, on which the aborigines subsisted almost exclusively three months in every year, the reader will concede that bountiful provision was made here for the wants of the inner man.

Of wild carnivorous animals Western Washington, to which the following has sole reference, possesses the raccoon, bob-tailed wildcat (no larger than its domestic congener), skunk, mink, weasel and fisher, the three last of the same family, all of which prey chiefly upon fowls. The most numerous, the most troublesome and often the most dreaded of these little quadrupeds are the skunks. Added to the above are the black bear and cougar; the former, while subsisting largely upon berries, occasionally varies his diet by feasting upon salmon and young pigs, of which he seems to be fond. He was never known here to disturb any other animal in pursuit of food. Old settlers often tell of meeting Bruin on the highway and on trails, when he always turned aside and gave them the road; hence he is regarded as harmless save in the matter of swine.

The cougar, on the contrary, often creates great havoc among sheep, calves, small colts, young deer and poultry. It is a cowardly brute; too cowardly to attempt to prey upon animals capable of defense. Only when in a position where it cannot get away will it show fight. Any common cur will put one to flight, and compel it to seek safety in the branches of a tree. So say farmers who claim to have witnessed such sights.

Wolves, coyotes and rattlesnakes do not exist in this State west of the Cascade mountains. One or two wolves were reported, some years ago, as having been seen near the summit of the mountains, but the report lacked confirmation.

In 1859 E. C. Ferguson, O. C. Shorey, E. H. Tucker, Robert Goodbarn, the writer and two sons ascended the Snohomish River in a small steamer on a tour of exploration. No white man then dwelt in that region. Only the occasional visits of Indians had ever disturbed the solitude that there reigned supreme. Having landed with our blankets and grub, the steamer put about and went down the river, leaving us to return to our homes in a large canoe. After climbing an almost perpendicular bluff, we came upon a long and broad stretch of comparatively level country, partially covered with giant firs and cedars. In an open part of this area we found a nearly new "shack," so-called by new settlers,

and built of strips split from cedar logs. This shack was about 12 by 16 feet; on the earth in the center was a pile of ashes, and overhead in the roofs a hole 18 or 20 inches in diameter, for the smoke to escape. It had evidently been erected and occupied by Indians. As there was no owner or occupant visible, we took possession of it.

At night, after a fatiguing tramp in the vicinity, we spread our blankets in a circle on the ground, our feet near the ashes, and were soon soundly slumbering. Shortly after midnight I awoke. A full moon filled the shack with a bright silvery light. Without moving a muscle I glanced at the faces opposite and was surprised to see their eyes wide open, staring in terror at some object near me. I instantly shared the feeling of my companions, without knowing the cause of it. I felt that we were threatened with some terrible catastrophe. All were completely paralyzed. The faces within the range of my vision were pallid and deathlike; not a breath was heard, not a muscle moved. Presently something gently touched my left ear; then a slight sniff was heard, and I knew some animal was smelling the circle of heads in pursuit of an appetizing morsel. Soon a small body with a bushy tail was seen passing through a hole in a corner of the cabin. As it disappeared there was a simultaneous long-drawn breath; then one of the terror-stricken party asked:

"Is it gone?"

"Yes," replied Shorey.

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated Ferguson.

"I never was so badly frightened in my life," said Tucker, as he got upon his feet to stretch his limbs.

The others followed his example and soon recovered from the shock they had received. A few minutes later they all were again soundly sleeping, unmind-

ful of the fate they had so narrowly escaped.

It is needless to say that if the intruder had been a cougar or bear, it would have received the contents of more than one revolver, as four of the party were thus armed. But all considered the skunk too dangerous an animal to meddle with, so they permitted it to depart as it came, grateful that it did not leave its odor on their persons.

An equally demoralized party, this time including two ladies, not long after encountered one of these animals while enjoying a ride in a large wagon on Nisqually Prairie. It was a twilight on a summer evening. What with singing, jest and lively conversation, the moments sped very happily. Suddenly one of the ladies exclaimed:

"What's that?" pointing to an object within twenty feet, whose bushy tail betrayed its character.

It had come out of the growing darkness very mysteriously, and was trotting along in nearly the same direction as the wagon. My first impulse was to throw some missile at it, and I bent forward to find something suitable in the bottom of the wagon. The driver divined my purpose, and, livid with fear, exclaimed:

"For Heaven's sake, don't throw anything!"

Meanwhile the skunk kept on his way, neither diminishing nor increasing his gait, and we could almost fancy him defying us in the words: "Molest me if you dare!" We directly refrained.

My first home on Puget Sound was in the only vacant house in the town of Stellacoom, in 1858. We had not long occupied it before my family discovered that they were not the only tenants of the premises. The presence of the other tenants was made known by the pungent odor with which they impregnated both the floor and the ground under our dwelling. The more we disturbed them in our efforts to dislodge them, the stronger they smelled, until it became a question as to

whether we should vacate the premises or persist in our attempts to expel the trespassers. Unfortunately for us, we were in a position similar to that of the first settler of Snohomish City, who one night found a member of the same family of quadrupeds in the room in which he kept his provisions. Laying aside all discretion, he quickly went for

his unwelcome guest, which was soon cornered. He seized it by the tail, intending to dash out its brains against the floor. Part of the tail remained in his hand while the little intruder escaped and sought refuge behind four sacks of flour. He finally killed the animal. Next day and for a week thereafter he labored to get the odor out of that flour. He sampled each of the sacks and found them all alike. Then he aired the flour and sifted and fumigated it, all without avail. He was reduced to the alternative of eating that flour or starving; so he ate it, but it went awfully against his stomach. It was just so with me. I had to share my



UP A TREE.



IN THE WASHINGTON WOODS.

homewith its obnoxious guests, or go without shelter, for there was no other house to be had.

The settler above referred to, Mr. E. E. Ferguson, was one of the party of seven who shared the shack with the writer on the memorable night when the inquisitive skunk passed around the circle smelling our ears. Mr. F. subsequently returned to the scene of our adventure, made it his home, saw a city of three or four thousand inhabitants grow up around him, and now takes life easy as the result of his foresight. The shack has given place to many large public buildings and fine residences, of which that of Mr. F. is the most stately. He often laughs heartily on recalling our experience on the occasion of his first visit to the site of Snohomish City.

One night two near neighbors, hearing a noise among my chickens, sallied forth with revolvers to intercept the supposed thief. I arrived at the scene at the same moment with a lantern. On looking into a large box, whence the noise proceeded, we saw a hen with a brood of little chicks in great commotion. In the farthest corner of the box we also saw a skunk. It moved to and fro, just as certain wild beasts do when caged. One of my friends fired at it three times, when it ceased to move. Then I took it up, examined it a moment by the light of the lantern, and placed it on a wooden platform for a further scrutiny by daylight. I was curious to know more of this little animal, and wished to dissect it. Soon after daylight I looked for my skunk, but it was nowhere to be seen. Its disappearance has ever since remained a mystery.

About the same period a country acquaintance, while coming into town in his wagon, killed a skunk on a road in a prairie. Desirous of taking it home on his return from town, he placed it in a familiar spot near the roadside, covered it with stones, and resumed his journey. On returning in the afternoon he looked in vain for the remains of the skunk. The stones were there, but the corpse was not. What had become of it? The road was then not much traveled, dogs were few and rarely seen far from home, no dwelling was in sight, and no footprints save his own were visible. The farmer concluded that the remains had been removed by members of the skunk's family, but for what purpose he could not conceive. If as he concluded and as others believe, is it not a remarkable instinct which leads the living to seek and track the dead, to say nothing of what is done with the latter when found? Perhaps some naturalist can enlighten the reader on this score.

MINT FARMS ON PUGET SOUND.

That the half has not been told of the valuable resources of our State becomes every day more apparent. A few days ago a carload of pepper-

mint roots was shipped from Tacoma to Kennewick to stock a mint farm on land that is supposed to be peculiarly adapted for its growth. At present, the only places in this country where peppermint roots are grown for profit are in single counties in Indiana and New York, and the plants in those places are not doing as well as formerly, producing only ten pounds of fluid where twenty-five had formerly been the yield. It seems the soil is failing, and our State, so far, has been the only place looked to for a supply. The Tacoma Mint Company has about nineteen acres of peppermint and spearmint near American Lake, and it will be materially increased. The plant is harvested with a reaper and binder, the same as wheat. It is then expressed, and the fluid, or oil, is the peppermint of commerce. The foreign product comes mainly from New South Wales.—*Snohomish Tribune*.

MAKING MATCHES IN TACOMA.

On top of a large two-story building at the head of the bay is a sign about 100 feet long with letters about twelve feet high. It reads: "Pacific Match Factory." This factory is one of the busiest and employs more hands than any other in the manufacturing district. It employs from eighty to 125 men, boys and girls the year round. Good wages are paid. The girls make from fifty cents to \$1.50 per day, their pay depending largely on the rapidity with which they work. Five million matches, or about 350 gross, are manufactured there every working day of ten hours. It is the only parlor-match factory in the United States west of Akron, O., and it does not belong to the match trust. The Pacific Match Factory makes about all the matches that are consumed in Tacoma and on the Pacific Coast, and has begun to cut severely into the Eastern match trade, where the low cost of its material enables it to compete. Several carloads were shipped to Chicago, Detroit and other Eastern cities during the last ten days.—*Farming News*.

AN INDIAN IRRIGATION SCHEME.

The noble red man is not at all slow in realizing the new condition of affairs and is grabbing on to the tail-board of the car of progress with both hands. The Yakima Indians who reside near Fort Simcoe have not only fine farms and orchards, but some of them have separators and other improved farm machinery, top buggies, and even bank accounts. One of their latest forward movements is the building of a four-mile irrigation canal on the south side of the Atanum, across from the old Catholic Mission, to reclaim for close farming a thousand acres of rich land. The engineering was done by Mr. H. K. Owens, of this city, while the Indians are doing the excavating and other construction work.—*North Yakima Herald*.

WHISKERS TURNING GREEN.

A startling and peculiar story, which is vouched for by a physician, and which is said to be the cause of considerable discussion among the medical fraternity of Butte, comes from the depths of one of the Anaconda properties, says the *Inter-Mountain*.

The singular statement is made that presumably owing to the heat and the extraordinary richness of the ore body at the lower levels, the personal appearance of the miners, so far as it relates to their hirsute growth, is undergoing a remarkable transformation. In other words, from whatever cause, the hair and whiskers of a number of miners working at the 1,000-foot level of one of the mines, have during the past few weeks developed from their natural color into a pale green.

The discovery was made about a week ago, when it was noticed that the whiskers adorning the countenance of an old miner named Sullivan were assuming a strange hue. Sullivan's hirsute adornment in his younger years had been an arrogant red, but in the tussle with life they had been shorn of a good deal of their ferocity and were blossoming into a patriarchal gray.

Imagine the surprise of his friends and fellow miners when, a short time ago, Mr. Sullivan's whiskers began to lose their autumnal tints and develop into a color that the miners designated as a "grogam green." There were many jokes at the old man's expense, but he was good natured and took the quips of his companions in good part, although the strange shade that came over his breeze promoters worried him considerably.

It was only a few days later when Sullivan's partner, who was the most cruel joker of the outfit, began to notice that his mustache was growing an unnatural color. Like the old man's whiskers, too, it was developing into a pale green. Then the joking ceased and each man for the three succeeding days made a personal inventory of himself after coming from work. Evidently there was a "hoodoo" at work, for the hair of each man began to turn into the color of the ore which they were extracting.

As stated, it is conjectured that the phenomenal development has been caused by the heat and rich ore, from which a fine dust is thrown off which finds a lodging in the hair. The physicians are now making a microscopical examination of each head to ascertain the cause and devise a remedy.

THE RUTHLESS WHITE MAN.

He had just come down from the woods and was exhibiting to several acquaintances a silver dollar that was discolored and bore other evidences of rough usage.

"That dollar," said he, "was carried by an Indian who lost his life in the big fire last September. The coin and several others, amounting to about ten dollars, were buried with him by members of his tribe. You know it's a superstition with these fellows that they must carry some wampum with them to the happy hunting grounds—probably they think that beyond the dark river the white man is licensed to sell fire-water to the noble child of nature; at any rate the more highly honored the chief is, the more money is buried with him.

"How did I get this coin? Well, I got this and the others buried with him in just one way; I turned over the sod for it. Yes, some people might think that a pretty cold-blooded thing to do, and if the Indians—the live ones, I mean—get track of it there would probably be music in the air. As it is, I would like nothing better than to stumble upon a big Indian cemetery.—*Stillwater Gazette*.

THE WALLA WALLA COUNTRY.

An Admirable Region for Small Farmers and Fruit Growers.

The great tide of immigration which flowed to Washington during the years following the completion of the trans-continental railways, did not fill up the Walla Walla Valley to nearly as great an extent as people familiar with the remarkable beauty and fertility of that region expected would be the case. For this circumstance there were two reasons. Neither of the great railway systems running to the Pacific Northwest during those years of phenomenal development has a main line extending through that valley. The Northern Pacific reaches down at Pasco to a point within two hours' ride of Walla Walla, but at that point is in the heart of a desert. The traveler can see the crests of the Blue Mountains from Pasco, and on the hither side of those mountains lies the valley of which we are writing, but nothing in the landscape of arid sagebrush plains suggests, in the remotest degree, that close at hand is a superb country of grain fields and orchards. With most emigrants seeing is believing, and they distrust every statement which they cannot verify for themselves. Very few of the homeseekers that crowded the trains running west through Pasco in those boom times were willing to leave the through line and go off on a branch road to look at the Walla Walla Country.

The other railroad referred to is the O. R. & N., then operated by the Union Pacific as its western and Coast outlet. Of that road there are many branches penetrating the fertile country south of Snake River, but the main line passes considerably south and west of the Walla Walla Valley and, coming down the Umatilla River, strikes the Columbia in a sandy desert region. Thus the passengers from the East by that line, on their way to Portland or to Puget Sound, see no more than do those who travel by the Northern Pacific, of the peculiarly attractive and well-improved region drained by the Walla Walla River and its tributaries.

The second reason why this region has been somewhat neglected by the large number of Eastern immigrants seeking homes in Washington is that most of these people, if desirous of going upon the soil to make a living, have heretofore been in search of cheap lands. Most of them wanted Government lands to homestead or fertile tracts that they could buy for a trifling price per acre. Now, the Walla Walla Valley is so exceptionally fertile and attractive that good lands subject to homestead entry were pretty much all taken up before the recent great movement of new population to Washington commenced. In fact, the earlier settlers of that valley had not only secured their own homestead claims, but in their eagerness to get possession of as much of that rich soil as they could, the thrifty among them had, as a rule, managed to buy out their less thrifty neighbors, or to purchase railroad lands, so as to secure large farms. In the days of good prices for wheat none of these prosperous farmers desired to sell any part of their holdings, and where land came upon the market from any cause the old residents stood ready to bid a price for it that seemed very high to newcomers seeking for cheap land. Land that would yield an average of from thirty to forty bushels of wheat yearly with very little labor and with no fertilizing, was not to be had at any lower prices

than good farming land brought in Western Iowa or Southern Minnesota, where a farmer had to be contented with twelve or fifteen bushels to the acre. A number of settlers who found their way into the Walla Walla Valley in those years of rapid growth in Washington, turned northward to the Big Bend Country or to the newer regions of the Palouse Country to secure cheap farms. Among the old-timers in the valley, and especially among those who lived in the towns and expected to see them rapidly advance in population and business, there was a feeling of disappointment because their region did not receive a large accession of new settlers as the immediate result of the opening of the new railway lines.

During the past three years there has been a marked change in the conditions connected with the development of Washington. The open prairie lands, lying in districts where there is sufficient rainfall for general farming, are occupied. Exclusive wheat farming is no longer an attractive business because of the great depression in the price of wheat all over the world. The farmer in interior Washington who used to get from sixty to seventy-five cents per bushel, now gets only thirty or forty cents. True, the cost of living and of labor and farm machinery have declined proportionately, but there is too slender a margin of profit on a crop to make the business of cultivating large tracts of land in wheat alone a safe one. The fertile lands in the humid regions being occupied, excepting those covered with dense forests which lie west of the Cascade Mountains, enterprise has turned of late in the direction of irrigating the arid lands in the Columbia Basin and the valley of the Yakima, and the advantages of small farming and fruit growing are beginning to be understood. There is today no inquiry for large tracts to put in grain, but a multitude of people are opening little farms under irrigating canals or buying small tracts out of former large estates in the regions where nature waters the crops from the clouds. This new movement brings the Walla Walla Valley into fresh prominence. Although this valley merges into the characteristic desert of the Columbia Basin at its lower end, the greater part of its area receives sufficient rainfall from the condensation against the Blue Mountains of the moist currents that blow from the Pacific Ocean, and diversified farming and orcharding are successfully carried on. The climatic law is, the nearer the mountains the greater the rainfall. Thus, while the portions of the valley most remote from the Blue Mountains are too dry for any agriculture except the raising of grain, as you approach the mountains you see flourishing orchards of apple, plum, prune and cherry trees, gardens of all sorts of vegetables and fields of clover, timothy, buckwheat, potatoes and field peas, as well as of oats, wheat and barley.

The soil is everywhere substantially the same and is a decomposed basalt of volcanic origin. Analyzed, it is almost identical with the soil of Sicily, at the base of Mount Etna, where wheat has been raised from the earliest dawn of history. Sicily was the granary of Ancient Rome, and there has been no exhaustion of the soil for two thousand years. In the Walla Walla Country the question which governs farming operations

is not the character of the land, but the amount of annual precipitation it receives. The trend of the Blue Mountains is from east to west, and the Snake River runs parallel to them and at an average distance from them of about fifty miles. From the Snake the country rises rapidly to an elevation of about five hundred feet. Then there is a big plateau called Eureka Flat, which is farmed for wheat and oats in large farms. The rainfall is sufficient for these grains, but not for diversified agriculture. On the Flat there are no streams and water is only found by sinking deep wells. South of the Flat the country slopes down to the Touchet River, the main tributary of the Walla Walla; then a low divide is crossed and the whole extent of the Walla Walla Valley is seen—a beautiful region of both large and small farms, undulating for the most parts, hilly here and there, and with considerable stretches of level land. On the southern horizon the mountains, clad with evergreen timber, bound the view, but the farms extend far up on their sides and present a charming panorama of grain fields, fallow lands, orchards and farm homes. More than fifty miles of this foot-hill country can be seen across the level stretches of the valley from any high point of view in or near Walla Walla. A still more delightful picture is enrolled before the vision when you go up a few hundred feet on the slopes of the mountain sides and look over the valley, with its numerous shining streams, the city almost hidden under the foliage of its poplars, maples and fruit trees and the vast expanse of fertile country. None of the famous valleys of the Eastern States, not the Mohawk, the Connecticut, the Juniata or the vale of Wyoming, present a more lovely scene than this valley in the Far West with the Indian name of Walla Walla, which means bright waters.

I have spoken of the movement towards diversified farming on small tracts, and the raising of fruit. An excellent and very striking example of success in this line may be seen at College Place, five miles from Walla Walla, where a large community of Second Adventists have settled during the past two or three years in order to cluster around the new college of that denomination. These people have bought five and ten acre tracts and have brought them under a high state of cultivation, raising vegetables and small fruits, setting out orchards of prunes, plums, peaches, apples and cherries, planting vineyards, and keeping pigs and poultry. It is safe to predict that many of these hard-working and economical people will soon be able to make a better showing in the way of substantial comforts and accumulated means than do some of the wheat farmers who have tilled a half-section of land each for the past ten years. Between the college and the town the level valley lands are largely planted in extensive prune orchards. The largest of these orchards, embracing over a mile square in extent, belongs to Dr. N. G. Blacklock. He is so well satisfied with his success in drying and marketing his fruit that he planted last year an additional hundred acres in young trees. These orchard lands are easily irrigated from Mill Creek, which flows near by. In some seasons no irrigation is required, but as a rule it is best to let the water run between the rows of trees at least once while the fruit is forming. Nearer the mountains there are many thrifty orchards which require no artificial watering, because the rainfall is greater than in the bottoms along the streams.

In the early years of the settlement of this valley most of the successful people bought land and more land and still more land, following the custom of most new countries where there is little beside land in which to invest surplus wealth. Thus it occurred that a number of large landed estates were formed which the owners cultivated in wheat while living themselves in

the town. The late Dr. Baker, the pioneer railroad builder of the valley, left at his death over twenty thousand acres of good farming land lying for the most part within a few miles of the town. A holding almost equally large is in the hands of Levi P. Ankenny, the banker. A number of Walla Walla men possess from one to five thousand acres each. In fact, Walla Walla may be said to be a city of farmers who go out with their men, animals and machinery to till and harvest their lands in the surrounding country. Go from Walla Walla in almost any direction by rail and you are surprised to see so few farm houses in a region apparently well cultivated. You will travel for miles and miles through wheat fields and fallow fields without seeing a dozen habitations. The owners of the land live in the town. This was not an unnatural condition when wheat brought a good price and there was a handsome profit in exclusive wheat farming, but the large land owners now believe that with the competition of the Argentine Republic and the impending competition of Siberia in wheat growing, the good prices of former years cannot be expected to return and that a man will not again be able to support his family in comfort in a town by the proceeds of a few months work each year by hired men on the rich soil of the Walla Walla Valley, plowing, sowing and

many of the readers of this magazine, but a large number of new readers have joined our lists of late, and it is only fair to them that the theme should not be dismissed as one already well-worn. To these new readers let me say that Walla Walla is like a vast garden and orchard intersected with broad streets lined with poplars, elms and maples, and covered with pretty homes. In the center of this big bower of foliage and flowers is a compact and well-built business street with a long array of two and three-story brick buildings, all occupied by prosperous merchants. Trade flows around the corners upon the cross streets a little, here and there, but the main current flows along this principal street for the distance of half a mile, between the pretty passenger station of the Washington & Columbia River Railway on the east and the stately court house, standing in the midst of green lawns, on the west. Main Street is a very animated thoroughfare, especially on pleasant afternoons, when long rows of country teams are hitched at the curbs and the sidewalks are filled with the farmers and their wives and children, visiting, talking politics and crops and buying their supplies. Trade in Walla Walla is very conservative and steady-going. Changes in the signs on the stores are rare; failures seldom occur and you can count upon finding the same people

sale. The *Standard*, edited by that veteran journalist, Col. Frank Parker, represents the Democratic party. There is an agreeable club for gentlemen established in ample quarters in one of the business blocks, where you can read Eastern magazines and papers, and play billiards or whist with companionable people who drop in to spend their evenings. A Catholic hospital cares for the sick and injured of all faiths. Societies and clubs with literary, artistic, scientific and social aims, are numerous. From this mere outline description of the place the reader will readily gather that Walla Walla is a very attractive little city, with high standards of intelligence and comfortable living, favored by nature with conditions of climate and soil that produce a luxuriant growth of vegetation so that fruit trees, shade trees, and all sorts of floral and vegetable growths flourish amazingly.

Looking at the business aspects of the town we find that it is situated about 250 miles east of Portland, about the same distance southeast of Seattle and Tacoma, the two Sound cities, and also about the same distance southwest of Spokane. There is no town of considerable size between Walla Walla and either of those cities. It would thus seem that the people of the Garden City have good reason for looking forward to a new era of growth. They have ample railway



GENERAL VIEW OF WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON, LOOKING EAST.

reaping. They would, as a rule, be glad to break up their holdings and sell them off in small farms, putting the capital thus obtained into other lines of enterprise.

The sentiment of the business men of Walla Walla is strongly in favor of a subdivision of the large farms and of attracting to the valley a class of practical small farmers from the East, who would appreciate a very handsome and fertile country and to whom a mild climate would be a special attraction. These business men realize that the country supporting their city is strictly limited in extent by the mountains and the Snake and Columbia rivers and that only by its denser settlement can they expect much further growth for Walla Walla. With large farms there cannot be much increase of population in either country or city, because there is no new land to be cultivated between the desert along the rivers and the mountains. With small farming and fruit growing, however, the population on the land can be doubled, trebled and quadrupled and the city will grow to a corresponding extent.

During my thirteen years of travel in the Northwest I have made a number of visits to Walla Walla, the Garden City of Washington, and have published two or three articles on the place. A repetition of the story of its beauties and its comforts will be a thrice-told tale to

in the same places year after year.

Winding through the town and crossing this main street runs a swift, clear stream called Mill Creek, which furnishes abundant water to irrigate the lawns and gardens and keep the whole place cool and verdant all through the long, warm summer days. The dwellings are built upon large lots, and even the humblest of them has the blessing of shade and flowers. The houses of the well-to-do citizens stand in the midst of generous expanses of lawns and orchards. Churches are numerous; the school buildings are large and substantial brick structures. On the eastern edge of the town are the buildings and grounds of Whitman College, the oldest collegiate institution in the State, named in honor of the missionary and martyr, Dr. Marcus Whitman, who was massacred by the Indians, with his family and assistants, at his station on the Walla Walla River, a few miles below the city, some forty years ago. An effort is now being made, with considerable success, to raise a fund in the East for the endowment of this excellent institution. Two daily newspapers report the events of the community and give the news of the great world without. The *Union*, Republican in politics, was long edited by P. B. Johnson. He has leased it of late to younger men and, wishing to retire from active newspaper work, offers it for

facilities, furnished by the competing systems of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company and the Washington & Columbia River Railway Company, the latter working in accord with the Northern Pacific. In the demonstrated adaptability of the surrounding country for mixed farming and orcharding they have the basis for a large rural population. What the city has gained thus far it holds firmly with no danger of any retrogression, and it is evidently destined to a good deal of further growth in the near future.

E. V. S.

EXTENSIVE TOMATO CULTURE.

Within the suburbs of The Dalles are fruit orchards and vegetable gardens of large proportions, owned and managed by residents. One in particular attracted our attention by the systematic manner in which tomato culture is carried on. Among many other very interesting features are the preparations made for a ten-acre patch of these plants, and the proprietor informs us that five to six tons per acre is not an overestimate on such land as this, with proper treatment. This man has about an acre of fine strawberry vines, which are very heavily laden with the luscious fruit, some of which will be on the market within ten days.—*Dalles Times*.



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, JUNE, 1895.

THE FARM MORTGAGE SPOOK.

Not long ago an eminent St. Paul man, Mr. A. B. Stickney, read a paper before the Informal Club of this city on "Spooks." Under this term he classified a number of dead theories and fallacious notions that are evoked by newspapers, politicians and pretended political economists to frighten people away from right thinking and just conclusions. Among the spooks mentioned were the Eastern capitalist, who is supposed by some timorous people to be draining the wealth out of the West, and the farm mortgage, which, according to these people, is a deadly devil-fish with its tentacles fast wound around the agricultural classes. A few hard facts are an excellent precipitant of the misty notions out of which such spooks as these are evoked, and such facts have lately been gathered from the last census returns by the State Labor Bureau of Minnesota and published in a report to the Legislature. It appears from this report that in the ten years from 1880 to 1890 the increase in the mortgage indebtedness on farms in Minnesota was, in round figures, \$4,000,000, the total amount in the last named year being \$39,000,000. Now, against this increase of debt the farmers added to their resources almost \$4,000,000 in farm implements, \$26,000,000 in live stock, and \$126,000,000 in increased land values. Here we find an increase of possessions amounting to \$176,000,000 to offset \$4,000,000 of new indebtedness. As to foreclosures, equally significant figures are shown. In the years 1892-3, the culminating period of protected prosperity, the foreclosures on farm property decreased 33.1 per cent in number, 34.4 per cent in amount, and 12.5 per cent in acres as compared with the foreclosures of 1880-1.

We do not doubt that, when the next census is taken, there will be shown to be an almost equally large increase in actual property in the State in proportion to the increase of mortgage indebted-

ness. The pessimistic newspapers and politicians who are constantly parading the figures of the increase in the aggregate of mortgage debts in the different States of the West, are never candid enough to put beside them the statistics of the increase in the total valuation of taxable property. With a community or a State as with a firm or an individual, the only fair way of ascertaining the financial condition is first to get at the amount of property and then the amount of debt. Tried by this common business rule every State in the West will be found to be steadily decreasing, even in this period of hard times, the ratio of its indebtedness to its actual wealth.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.

We are wearing out the hard times. There is no doubt about it. Bank clearings are increasing, the freight movement on the railroads shows a notable gain, general trade is growing more active, farm products are steadily going up, money is easier to get and people are beginning to display a fresh spirit of enterprise.

It will be foolish to spend any more time discussing the supposed causes of the great depression. The black cloud is lifting all around the horizon. Such storms as we have been passing through during the past three years are of periodical occurrence in all the commercial nations of the world. So it has been from early historic times and so it will probably continue to be until mankind grow much wiser than they are at present. There are always wisecracks enough to get up and shout in the public ear that they know exactly what is the matter and can prescribe a sure cure. The fact is, they know no more than other people. Whether they insist that it is our politics that are at fault, or our currency, or our tariff, or whether they superstitiously attribute the trouble to divine wrath, it is certain that their talk will butter no bread.

In past times it has been the experience of the world that the only sure cure for hard times was to wear them out and trust to the recuperative powers of the community. We have been steadily applying this old-fashioned remedy whether we wanted to or not, and it is beginning to show its effects. The sensible thing for us all to do now is to thank God, take courage, and resolutely set to work to repair damages and build up a new fabric of general prosperity.

A NORTHERN PACIFIC EXHIBIT CAR.

The land department of the Northern Pacific Railroad has just sent out for a long tour in Illinois, Indiana and other States a very handsome and interesting museum on wheels. The car is of the size of the largest passenger coaches and is filled with carefully-selected products showing the resources of the Northwestern States. The St. Paul Call gives the following description of the interior: "Elegant plate-glass windows have been put in, reaching from floor to roof. Along either side are ranged glass cases. In these are artistically arranged a comprehensive and exhaustive collection of grains, grasses, vegetables, fruits, minerals, wool, scenic views along the line, and flora and fauna found in the territory traversed by the road, through the States of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington. The car is built entirely of materials on the line of the road, from the iron of the wheels to the tin of the roof. The interior is beautifully lined with almost every known variety of American woods, all grown in the Northern Pacific territory. The class of exhibits is sufficiently large and varied to suit the tastes of all classes of people. A number of mounted animals, such as the prairie antelope, with doe and buck, a cariboo, from Northern Minnesota, a Rocky Mountain buck and goat, wild ducks and geese, from North Dakota, etc.,

were found. These will naturally excite the cupidity of sportsmen. Among the fruits were two enormous bunches of grapes, weighing thirty-five pounds, grown in the Yakima Valley, Washington. These are a strong argument in favor of irrigation. Those interested in coal will here find semi-anthracite, anthracite, and bituminous coal and coke. The great variety of woods will interest timber speculators. Then there are specimens of granite and other stone, terra cotta, brick, fire, etc. Huge chunks of gold, silver, copper and iron ore are also shown. Through the center of the car a space of eight and one-half feet affords ample room for the sightseer. The car is so constructed that it can be whirled along at sixty miles per hour without disarranging anything. C. W. Mott, special agent of the land department, is found in charge."

SEATTLE'S BIG CANAL PROJECT.

Unquestionably the citizens of Seattle have shown a remarkable amount of public spirit in raising the bonus of \$500,000 demanded by a St. Louis company as a preliminary to beginning work on the Lake Washington canal. A glance over the subscription lists published from time to time, as they grew, in the local papers, shows that the movement to raise this large sum of money reached all classes of the community and that small tradesmen, mechanics, lawyers, doctors and clerks contributed as generously, in view of their means, as did the large mercantile and manufacturing firms, the banks, the real estate men and the capitalists. In fact the whole affair of raising the fund was a notable exhibition of what can be accomplished in hard times, by the people of a city who are imbued with a spirit of local patriotism and who are in the habit of working together for public purposes.

To an observer of this canal movement, who occupies a disinterested outside point of view, the question will arise, is the game worth the candle? Lake Washington is a superb body of fresh water about twenty miles long and from one to three miles wide. Its central portion is separated from the salt waters of Puget Sound only by the high ground upon which the city of Seattle is built. Indeed, the eastern suburbs of Seattle extend to the shore of the lake and two cable lines run out from the heart of the city to boating and picnic resorts upon its pebbly beaches. For many years the citizens of Seattle have urged upon the Federal Government a project of canalization for the outlet of the lake, which communicates with the smaller Lake Union, and for the outlet of the latter lake which communicates with the Sound some ten miles north of the city. The argument used at Washington was that such a canal would afford merchant ships an opportunity of getting into fresh water, and thus ridding their hulls of the barnacles that live only in sea water, and that it would also create a safe haven of refuge for naval vessels in time of war. Congress, in response to the urgent appeals of Seattle, has given some money for a survey and a report on the cost of this proposed ship canal, but the prospect of an appropriation for the excavations and locks has at no time looked hopeful in face of the opposition of other parts of the State, where the enterprise has all along been regarded as a local scheme.

While this old project of a Government canal was still urged, there appeared in Seattle the representatives of St. Louis capital, who caused a survey to be made over a much shorter route from the southern end of the bay on which Seattle fronts right across country to the lake. They declared this route to be feasible and proceeded to formulate a scheme for filling ground on the tide flats with earth from the excavations on the canal and platting this made ground into city lots, just as was done years ago with the

Back Bay in Boston. At first the Seattle people supposed that the St. Louis men were going to put their hands in their own pockets and dig the canal as a pure business venture, but after public enthusiasm had been well worked up these promoters announced that they must have a donation of half a million in cash before they would go ahead with the work. The money has been raised and the digging ought to begin forthwith.

We would be gratified now if the leading Seattle paper, the *Post-Intelligencer*, which has given its powerful support to this project, would print a statement of the benefits which may reasonably be expected to accrue to the city from the completion of the canal. The filled-in lots would no doubt have some market value, but there are plenty of other lots for sale. The additional wharf facilities might in time be used, but at present there is ample room at the old wharves for all the commerce coming to them and that commerce could be doubled or trebled without inconvenient crowding. The new tide-flat lots would be attractive to manufacturers, but there is no good prospect for any early increase in the manufacturing activities of the city and, besides, a great deal of ground is available for new concerns in the suburbs of Fremont and Ballard. There would no doubt be some traffic through the locks from Lake Washington, but the shores of that lake are forest-clad and are not likely to develop any freight movement save of lumber, and that to a moderate extent. The canal tolls collected could hardly be expected to pay interest on the cost of the work. As a private business project a canal to the lake has quite a different look from what it bore to the eyes of the Seattle people when they expected that the General Government would furnish the money and we are curious to know how it is to be successfully financed and what substantial good the citizens are to derive from it to compensate them for their very generous contributions.

PROPOSED REORGANIZATION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

A plan for the reorganization of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has been formulated at a consultation in which the participants were Edwin Adams, of New York, chairman of the committee representing the second mortgage bonds, J. J. Hill, of St. Paul, president of the Great Northern Railway and certain representatives of the Deutsch Bank of Berlin, which is a large holder of N. P. securities. Mr. Hill and Mr. Adams went to London together for the purpose of attending this conference. A press telegram from Berlin gave the following as the details of the plan agreed upon:

First—Foreclosure of the old company and the formation of a new company under special arrangements for this purpose.

Second—The new company is to issue shares to the amount of \$100,000,000 and a maximum of \$200,000,000 gold bonds, free of taxation. A sufficient amount of these bonds is to be reserved in order to replace the present first-mortgage bonds later, and \$3,000,000 of bonds are to be reserved in order to acquire independent branch roads, and for new construction at a maximum charge of \$20,000 per mile. The new bonds will be secured by a mortgage lien on the whole Northern Pacific system, including the St. Paul & Northern Pacific Railway line, and will bear interest partly at four and partly at three per cent, all under the same mortgage.

Third—The capital and interest of the new bonds are to be guaranteed unconditionally by the Great Northern Company by endorsing each bond, the Great Northern Company receiving in return half of the stock of the new company.

Fourth—The board of directors of the new company is to consist of nine directors, four of whom are to be nominated by the Northern Pacific reorganization company.

Fifth—In accordance with this scheme, there should be given for each \$1,000 Northern Pacific second-mortgage bond (A) \$1.125 new 4 per cent guaranteed bonds; (B) for a \$1,000 third-mortgage bond, a \$1,000 new 3 per cent guaranteed bond, and at least \$250 in shares; (C) for each \$1,000 5 per cent consol, at least \$500 3 per cent new guaranteed bond and \$300 in shares.

Sixth—That overdue coupons of the second mortgage be paid in cash at the rate of 5 per cent annually. Those of the third mortgage are to be paid in cash at the rate of 4 per cent, and those in consols are to be adjusted at the rate of 2½ per cent in new 3 per cent bonds.

Seventh—The floating debt of the receivership is to be paid by the assessment of about \$11,000,000 on the old stock.

Eighth—The reorganization and the raising of the necessary working capital is to be secured by a syndicate headed by Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and the Deutsche Bank.

Mr. Hill re-crossed the Atlantic immediately after the conclusion of the conference and returned home to St. Paul. In interviews with the reporters of the St. Paul dailies he gave very little definite information. To all of them he said: "The situation is just this: The Northern Pacific will be reorganized by its bondholders. This is a big job, and will undoubtedly take some time. It cannot be done in a hurry. When it is reorganized it will be handled by its shareholders and you can depend on it there will be no consolidation with the Great Northern—never." In the *Call's* interview he was quoted as denying the truth of the third paragraph of the proposed reorganization plan, which provides for giving one-half of the stock of the new N. P. Company to the Great Northern Company, in return for the endorsement by the latter company of the new N. P. bonds. This, he said, "is all bosh." And it probably is. The endorsement of a competing company, which has all it can do to meet its own financial obligations, would hardly be of sufficient value to be obtained at the price of half the ownership and the entire control of the Northern Pacific properties. Assuming that the remainder of the plan outlined above is substantially correct, it will be interesting to figure out what the fixed charges of the reorganized Northern Pacific will be in comparison with the present burden under which it broke down a year ago last fall. The existing debt of the company is as follows:

	Amount.	Rate.	Annual Interest
Missouri Div. bonds.....	\$1,904,000	6	\$114,240
First mortgage bonds.....	43,303,000	6	2,603,358
Second mortgage bonds.....	20,000,000	6	1,200,000
Third mortgage bonds.....	11,461,000	6	687,660
Consols.....	47,411,000	5	2,370,550
Col. Trust notes.....	6,000,000	6	360,000
Trust Equip. notes.....	3,000,000	7	210,000
Dividend certificates.....	519,500	6	31,570
Receivers' certificates.....	4,500,000	6	270,000
	\$138,188,500		\$7,847,178

In addition to the above there are unpaid interest coupons outstanding amounting in round figures to \$7,000,000. Adding this amount to the principal of the debt gives a grand total of a little over \$145,000,000. If the unpaid interest were to be funded in consolidated bonds at five per cent, the total interest burden of the company, under its present capitalization, would be \$8,197,178. The scheme for which Mr. Hill and Mr. Adams appear to be jointly responsible proposes an assessment on the stock of \$11,000,000 to pay the floating debt. The common stock amounts at its face value to \$49,000,000 and the preferred stock, originally \$51,000,000, has been reduced by the proceeds of land sales to about \$36,000,000. At the quotations on the New York stock market at the date this article is written, the common is worth five and the preferred eighteen. What proportion of the assessment should be placed upon these two classes of stock, is not set forth in the plan. The common stockholders would probably drop out rather than pay any assessment. The preferred stockholders might resort to the courts for protection of their claim to the lands of the company east of the Missouri River. Leaving out of the calculation all question of the floating debt and the possible result of an assessment on the stock, and taking into account the fact that the collateral trust notes and the trust equipment notes are so secured that they cannot easily be scaled down either in principal or interest, it would appear

that the proposed plan of consolidation would effect an annual saving in interest of \$2,322,715. The main difficulty in the way of carrying out this plan is likely to arise from the opposition of the holders of the consolidated mortgage bonds and of the preferred stock. The consolidated bond debt is to be reduced in principal to one-half of its present amount by the proposed plan, and in interest from five to three per cent. Unless, however, the consolidated holders are prepared to bid in the road at a sale and shoulder the burden of the accumulated and future interest on all the senior obligations, they will have to take what is offered them.

In the discussion of the Hill-Adams plan of reorganization and of other plans that will no doubt be brought forward by other interests, the fact should be born in mind that the preferred stock represents about thirty millions of dollars of cash, put into the construction of the road from Duluth to Bismarck and from Kalama to Tacoma, during the Jay Cook regime. In the first reorganization, which took place in 1878, the bondholders voluntarily exchanged their bonds for preferred stock under the condition that this stock should be accepted in payment for any of the company's lands east of the Missouri and that the proceeds of the sale of those lands should be set apart for the redemption of the stock at par. The holders of the preferred now maintain that they have peculiar equities which must be considered in any reorganization scheme.

WASHINGTON'S NICKEL MINES.

The actual wealth of a country can only be ascertained through exploration and development. In this State, especially the western portion of it, exploration for the metals has been difficult, owing to the heavy undergrowth and dense foliage; but, difficult as the task has been, the indomitable pluck and energy of the prospector has surmounted it, and wealth long hidden is being revealed. East of the Cascades, the country being more open, but little trouble is encountered, and explorations have been more thorough and general in character.

Hard as the task has been of finding the material, it has been far more difficult to convince capital that ore bodies vast in extent, and assaying high, really exist tributary to Puget Sound. A case in point is the Negro Creek discovery of nickel ore. This discovery was made over two years ago, the ore being tested for nearly every known metal, except nickel, and a number of well-known experts and assayers pronounced it worthless. Finally, on being tested for nickel, a return of from 8 to 15 per cent was given, and the ore was pronounced nickel. Encouraged by this result, a mill test was suggested of 10 or 12 tons, giving results of \$96 per ton at the works in the East, or a net profit of \$66 after deducting mining, smelting, freight and other expenses.

While the outcrop and surface indications point to one of the largest deposits of nickel in the United States, the developments thus far give every assurance of great and permanent deposits. The wealth in sight in this modest and unpretentious district, has not created a mining boom, but it is stimulating further explorations, which give promise of good results. And now that the value of the ore is ascertained to a certainty, roads will be built to the mines and the facilities for transportation greatly increased.

The mines are within twelve miles of the Great Northern Railroad, in Kittitas County, and are accessible by wagon road and trail. In time a railroad will be necessary to meet the demands of the camp, and an easy grade can be found. All the ore will be shipped East until reduction works are established on the Sound at a point convenient to fuel and transportation.—*Seattle Post Intelligencer*.



ONE of the foremost railway men in the Northwest is Jule M. Hannaford, general traffic manager of the Northern Pacific. He has under his supervision the freight and passenger business of over four thousand miles of road, operating in six States of the Union and one of the Provinces of Canada. He has been in the railway service ever since he was a lad of sixteen. He was born in Conway, New Hampshire, in 1850, and from 1866 to 1872 was a clerk in the general freight office of the Vermont Central road at St. Albans. When J. Gregory Smith, the president of the Vermont Central, became president of the Northern Pacific, he brought out to Minnesota a number of bright young men in whose ability he had confidence, and put them at work on the new line. Hannaford was one of this party of active and ambitious New Englanders. He was made chief clerk in the general freight office of the N. P., then located at Brainerd, and served in that capacity for five years, when he was promoted to the post of assistant general freight and passenger agent. His next step upwards was in 1881, when he was made general freight agent of the Eastern division. At that time the lines of the road, advancing from both the east and the west, had not been joined in Montana, and a separate organization was maintained for the Pacific Coast. In 1883 he was appointed assistant superintendent of freight traffic, in 1884 general freight agent, and in 1886 traffic manager. He knows thoroughly the resources and business of every town in the country reached by his lines, and is a cyclopedia of information on the whole Northwestern country. To business faculties of a high order he adds the gift of amiability, with which all men are not so fortunate as to be endowed, and he is universally liked and respected in all the vast regions where the Northern Pacific operates.

THIS appears to be an era of bridge building along the Upper Mississippi. Hastings, Minn., has just spanned the river with a high steel bridge under which the steamboats pass. On the side opposite the town the approach is by a causeway across the low grounds and a long incline, but on the town side a novel method of descent to the street level has been adopted—that of a spiral incline, making a complete circle. Red Wing, further down the river, has also built a steel bridge, the object being the same as at Hastings—to give farmers in the country east of the river easy access to the town and to obviate the dangers and expense of ferryage. St. Paul Park and Newport, neighboring villages and suburbs of St. Paul, have united in issuing bonds to pay for a long bridge with a draw which puts them in communication with the stockyards suburb across the Mississippi. This bridge is a two-story affair, one deck being for teams and the other for the use of a projected belt freight railroad. Bridge building is remarkably cheap nowadays, because of the low prices prevailing for steel and lumber and the very moderate wages paid. The Hastings structure cost only \$40,000.

THE old river towns below St. Paul, such as Hastings, Lake City, Red Wing and Winona,

which have been rather somnolent of late years, are beginning to feel the influence of what appears to be an approaching time of new prosperity. During the great migration movement to the Dakotas and to Washington they suffered from the drain of people from the country around them and they stood still if they did not actually lose population. Since the free Government lands having sufficient rainfall for safe farming in those States have pretty much all been occupied, population is thickening up in the old counties of Minnesota, where mixed farming has taken the place of wheat farming, and the towns are commencing to feel the influence of the growth and prosperity of the country districts. They will, no doubt, all take a fresh start within the next few years.

JUDGING by the comments in the newspapers and the recent action of Gov. Rickards, the Montana people are not at all pleased with President Cleveland's method of making up the mineral lands commissions for that State. It was expected that he would appoint only Montana men, but of the three members of each of the four commissions appointed only one is a Montanan.



JULE M. HANNAFORD, OF ST. PAUL.

In each case the other two are Eastern or Southern politicians. Soon after the names were announced Gov. Rickards proceeded to appoint an advisory commission to counsel with the Government commissioners in case they should prove willing to be advised. Just what this advisory board is to do does not appear. Perhaps it is to open a sort of school of mineralogy and instruct the green commissioners how to tell quartz from pyrites and how to pan gravel to discover whether it contains any pay dirt. The State commissioners can hardly be expected to travel about with the Government men and be ready to supply an opinion as to whether any given section within the railroad grant contains precious minerals or not. To an outsider, it looks as if the one Montana mineral expert appointed on each commission by the president might be able to furnish all the scientific information needed to enable his two tenderfoot associates to come to intelligent decisions. Perhaps Mr. Cleveland thought that justice would be more likely to be done between the railroad company on one side, claiming lands

under its grant, and the people of Montana on the other, seeking to have as much land as possible exempted as likely to prove of a mineral character, if all the commissioners were not Montana mining men.

THE Government's method of disposing of Indian lands is always costly and usually inefficient. As an instance in point take the Puyallup reservation lands near Tacoma. After the Indians had received their allotments there was a considerable amount of land remaining to be sold for the benefit of the tribe. A commission was sent out from Washington consisting of three politicians who did practically nothing besides making a report. That commission cost the Government \$17,000. After two or three years had elapsed a second commission was sent out, composed like the first, of three politicians. These gentlemen were paid \$10 a day each and \$3 extra for subsistence. They managed to put in about eighteen months' time in getting the lands in shape to put on the market, and their salaries and expenses ran up to about \$25,000. Finally the lands were put up at auction in a time of general depression when there were few buyers. At the first sale of property appraised at \$300,000, only \$20,000 worth was disposed of. There appears to be little hope of selling any more at the appraised prices. There is no speculative demand for real estate on Puget Sound at present, and these reservation lands, being heavily timbered, are only attractive to actual settlers who desire to clear up small tracts. The terms of sale devised by the two costly commissions, with the aid of the Secretary of the Interior, are not sufficiently liberal to induce this class of people to purchase.

THIS droll sign appears on a real estate office in Fergus Falls: "To the Homeless and the Outcast. Waltz right in here and buy one of our farms."

IN making the rounds of the big insane hospital at Fergus Falls the other day, under the guidance of the superintendent, Dr. Welch, I was impressed, first, with the good order, cleanliness and comfort prevailing and the generosity of the State in providing for the unfortunate inmates everything conducive to physical well-being; and, second, with the fact that nearly all the patients are of a low order of native brain-power and of deficient vital force. Their heads, faces and bodies show that they did not start in life with ordinarily sound mines and strong physiques. They must always have lived pretty close to the border land of insanity before something occurred to push them across the boundary. Seventy per cent of them are Scandinavians and nearly all of them come from the farms. Congenital defects to begin with, and then hard work, poor food, lack of healthful mental stimulus and the lonely life of the farms, account for most of the cases of insanity in Minnesota. The Fergus Falls hospital is the newest of the three institutions of the kind in this State, and as its accommodations are extended, year by year, it is filled up by drafts upon the older hospitals at Rochester and St. Peters.

A PARTY of editors of agricultural newspapers visiting Fargo last month, were told by the citizens who drove them about the city that Fargo sells more farm machinery and implements to farmers than any other place in the United States. This is an interesting fact and accounts, in a measure, for the solidity and steady prosperity of the North Dakota metropolis. The editors were much pleased with the handsome

blocks of red and yellow brick that now occupy the business district that was entirely burned over only two years ago, with the experimental farm of the State Agricultural College, with the winding drives through thick groves of oak and elm along the banks of the Red River of the North, with the many streets of pretty homes and with the general air of comfort and prosperity which the place wears. From a raw town on a bare prairie Fargo has been transformed in a few years, by the energy and good taste of its citizens, into an attractive little city with shaded streets, trim lawns, long, solid blocks of stores and warehouses, and with two colleges, half-a-dozen big public school buildings and a courthouse as structures of striking and monumental appearance.

AN Inter-State park at the Dalles of the St. Croix River has been created by action of the legislatures of Minnesota and Wisconsin. The river is the boundary line between the two States for the distance of about a hundred miles. Fifty miles above its confluence with the Mississippi it flows over a series of rapids and between rocky walls of broken and fantastic shape. A strip of land on both sides of the stream, about two miles

of Minnesota. The paper already shows a marked improvement in style and tone. Many of its old and new friends would find additional cause for satisfaction if the management would make a radical departure in the Sunday edition and give them, instead of the big, clumsy, frothy, padded affair, made up of hand-bill advertisements and crudely illustrated matter of minor local interest, which all our dailies produce on the first day of the week, a compact, well-edited paper of positive literary merit, dealing with the larger interests of life. Such an edition would be a refreshing novelty. The working-day editions of our dailies are properly and necessarily strongly local in their make-up. On the rest-day of the week most intelligent readers would like to get something a little broader, more instructive and more elevating—something that would put them in touch with the great world of thought and progress. They do not care at all for the mass of trivial details, concerning unimportant people, which they find in their Sunday papers.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The latest romance by the Spanish novelist, Armando Palacio Valdes, has been translated

adapting themselves to their surroundings, and causing the wilderness to yield up its treasures for their comfort, as did the heroes of the former story. Jean and Landry's adventures among the savages by whom they are taken prisoners, while attempting to reach the English settlements, and the treachery of Landry towards Jean after his arrival at Port Natal, from whence succor was sent to the shipwrecked family, are graphically told. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.50.)

In her latest story, "In Wild Rose Time," Amanda M. Douglas has given us a novel as strong and true in its pictures of life among the poor, and the trials and temptations which surround them, and also of the noble lives which spring up and blossom amid such scenes, as anything which had previously emanated from her pen. Dilsey Quinn "like a gem of purest ray serene" stands out in bold relief, and, though poor and ignorant, in her strong love and mother care for her younger and helpless sister Bess, and her beautiful forgetfulness of self in such love, exercises an influence for good on all with whom she comes in contact, and causes the current of many lives to run in new and better paths. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.50.)

A SHOWER OF BLACK ANTS.

The warm, thunderous state of the atmosphere, Wednesday evening, presaged a heavy downpour of rain in the city and vicinity, but this expectation was not realized, and the rain passed off with a slight shower. Instead of the rain a shower of another kind resulted, which is one of the most curious visitations in the history of the city. On the sidewalks, in the roads, upon the roofs, and the insides of the houses there was seen, yesterday, numbers of large black ants crawling about. They were found as plentiful in the outskirts of the city as on the main streets, and from the fact that some of these insects have wings while other have dropped or shed them, it is natural to conclude that they have migrated from some district to the south of the province, and have come to stay. They are large, black-bodied specimens, about the size of a wasp, and have the strong nippers of their race. They are not native of Manitoba, and are something similar to the African ant.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

THE DOE.

We long had tramped the silent woodland through,
Marveling much at Nature's quaint ways
Until a sudden noise within the maze
Of tender shoots upon our right there drew
Our wond'ring eyes, and to our startled view
There came a flash of downy, yellow haze:
The snap of breaking twigs and, like a king,
We saw a doe her meek-eyed head up-fling.
An instant only stood she there, and then
Defiance bid unto the gaze of men:
Swift as a bird into the wood's dark night,
Cleaving the stumps and logs with graceful bound,
And in that mighty solitude profound
Vanished forever from our longing sight.

CLIFFORD TREMBLE.

St. Paul, Minn.

HAUNTED.

Thy face is ever 'twixt my book and me,
That tender face, with dreamy, haunting eyes,
Half-lifted, in a sudden, swift surprise
That anything can tempt my thoughts from thee.

Instead of words, I see that pleading face,
Far dearer words are ringing in my ear,
So low, my heart must beat more soft to hear,
So sweet and low, and yet they fill all space.

I ferner clasp my book, crying, "Depart,"
And marvel that my heart so still hath grown,
When, ah! a soft warm hand folds o'er my own,
And lo! again a dream hath bound my heart!

FLORENCE A. JONES.

Hampton, Ia.



FROM "OUTING."

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IN THE NEW INTER-STATE PARK AT THE DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX RIVER.

in length and comprising these titanic formations, has been set apart for the park. On the Minnesota side it adjoins the picturesque village of Taylor's Falls, and on the Wisconsin side there is another pretty village, high up on the bluffs, called St. Croix Falls. A branch of the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad runs to Taylor's Falls, and in the excursion season many parties of pleasure seekers go from the Twin Cities on the morning trains to spend a day among the rocks and trees of this wild and singular region. Steamers run up the river from Stillwater carrying church picnics, trades-union excursions and other organizations of holiday makers. A little expenditure in the construction of paths, arbors and bridges will add greatly to the attractiveness of the new park.

THE *Daily Globe* of St. Paul has passed into new hands. J. G. Pyle, who, next to Mr. Wheelock has been the principle leader writer on the *Pioneer Press* for the past ten years, becomes the editor, and Harold Smith, an accomplished man of business and, besides, a good writer of scholarly attainments, has charge of the counting-room. The chief financial backer of the reorganized concern is William Dawson, Jr., of the Bank

into English and published by Geo. Gottsberger Peck, New York. It is entitled "The Grandee," and it deals with almost photographic minuteness with the life of a Spanish provincial capital where there is a proud and picturesque society, fortified against public opinion by ancient prejudices, but moved by the primitive passions of humanity, which interact with as much dangerous vivacity as in more modern and more democratic conditions. In his careful studies of character and his accurate and artistic portrayal of manners and the fine shadings of personal peculiarities, Valdes reminds us of Howells. The book will strongly interest readers of cosmopolitan tastes who find a pleasure in entering into phases of life quite outside the range of English and American literature. (St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price 50 cents.)

"Jean Belin, the French Robinson Crusoe," translated from the French of Alfred de Brehat, is a book which will be eagerly read by the young people into whose hands it may come. It has been justly called the companion to the "Swiss Family Robinson," as Jean and his companions, thrown upon an uninhabited part of the coast of Africa, show the same fertility of resources in

PRUNE ORCHARDS NEAR VANCOUVER, WASH.

It was a warm day in Portland, in early March. Our party of four took an electric train to cross the peninsula which separates the Willamette from the Columbia for a short distance above the confluence of those two noble rivers. I say a train, because there was attached to the ordinary passenger coach used on electric roads a small box car for carrying baggage and mails. We ran across the Willamette on a new steel bridge and winding through the business streets of East Portland, soon reached the level of a high plateau from which we could look back over the whole basin west of the river, in which the main part of the city lies, and sweep with our eyes the semicircle of steep fir-clad hills that wall it in. The cottages by the roadside became more and more scattered as we advanced, and the grounds about them increased in size from narrow city lots to half-acre and acre patches where peach trees were already in bloom and people were at work making gardens. The recent growth of Portland has been mainly on this handsome plateau on the east side of the river, and remembering the inundation of last year which flooded the business streets of the western side of the city, we could not help regretting that the business district was not originally planted on this elevated ground, instead of on the low land where it now stands. For four or five miles along the electric line the country is well settled in village fashion; yet, I remember driving along this same route about ten years ago when the road led through an unbroken forest all the way.

For the last mile before the Columbia reached the rails run upon a trestle across green meadows, overflowed at high water. Then we come to a ferry and right in front of us, across the strong, mile-wide current of the Columbia, lies the old town of Vancouver, with its military post standing on the site of the Hudson's Bay trading fort which was the original nucleus of commerce, law and a certain rude civilization for all the Columbia Basin. Vancouver is the capital of Clarke County, a region which the traveler passing along its river front by steamboat would take to be pretty much all forest, but which is in reality penetrated by roads and fairly well settled by farmers, who till little farms here and there in the woods, keeping cattle and raising fruit. The purpose of our excursion was to see the older prune orchards which closely border the river just above the town and also a new prune district lying on a broad and handsome prairie some two miles back from the big green stream and quite screened from view from the river road by a belt of timber. A carriage was waiting for us on the Washington side of the ferry, and under the guidance of that enthusiastic and indefatigable promoter of fruit culture in this region, Mr. D. H. Stearns, we soon left behind the pleasant town and the many buildings and broad expanse of parade ground of the military post and came at once into the belt of orchards that skirts the Columbia for nearly ten miles.

Here the land slopes rather steeply from the

narrow strip of bottom along the river and these south-facing slopes are found to be very favorably situated for orcharding. The prune is the favorite tree, but here and there I saw thriving orchards of peaches, pears, apples and cherries. Attractive little homes stand amid these orchards, from their appearance and surroundings evidently tenanted by people who manage to get a good deal of comfort out of the struggle for existence, and here and there are larger places where fruit farming has been carried on for perhaps ten years with such success that the owners are plainly well-to-do. The large orchards range in areas from ten to twenty acres and have special structures for drying prunes. All these riverside homes command superb landscape views. The mighty Columbia flows past them and on the eastern horizon looms the gigantic white pyramid of Mount Hood, while in the west can be plainly seen the suburbs of the city of Portland.



A PRUNE TREE IN BEARING.

A number of pretty trout streams flow across the road, and an interesting peculiarity of these streams is that they issue out of the hill-sides full-fed and are evidently natural subterranean conduits from the distant mountains and run beneath the first bench or plateau back of the river. "This new orchard country we are about to look at," said Mr. Stearns, "is all underdrained by nature by means of these little creeks."

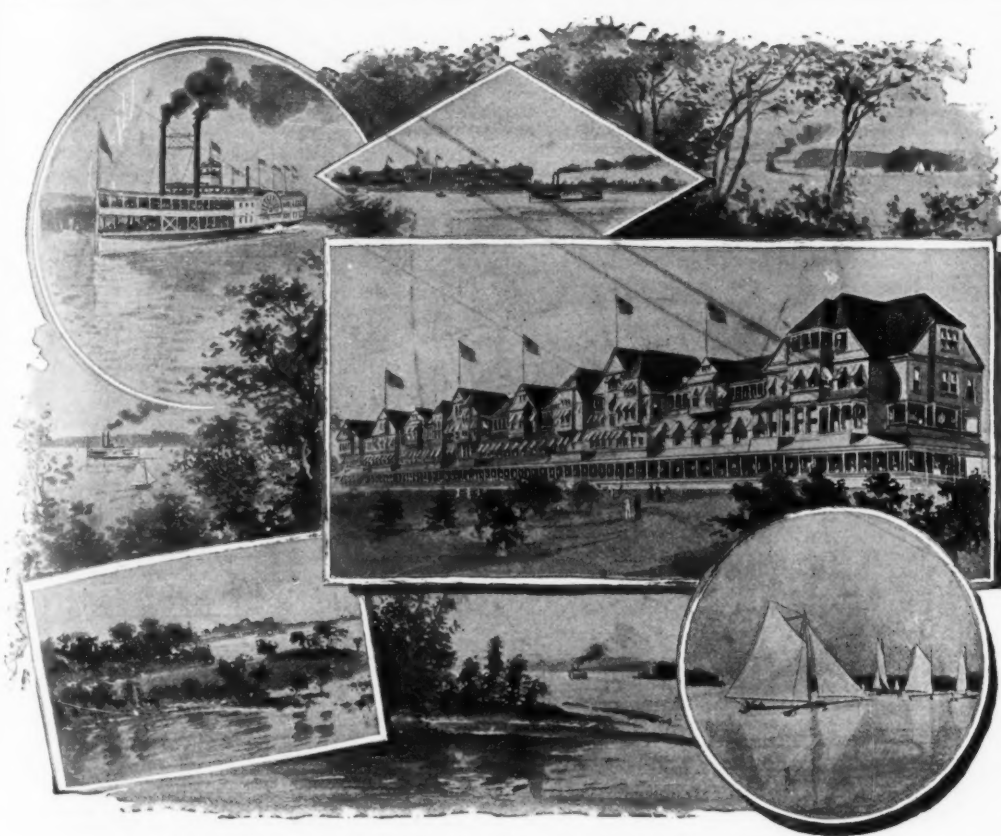
We left the river road and climbing perhaps three hundred feet through a forest of fir and spruce came out upon a very fine stretch of level prairie all under cultivation and dotted with farm-houses. Most of this ground had been burned over years ago by forest fires and was easily cleared by the early settlers and converted into grain and stock farms. As the orchard movement developed around Vancouver its special value for fruit growing became so evident that the old settlers set out trees near their

houses, and sold the greater part of their farms to new people who wanted to go into the pleasant and profitable business of raising prunes. A considerable acreage has been acquired by purchase or by options by a company with headquarters in Portland that undertakes to plant and develop orchards for non-residents, bringing the trees into bearing and then turning the places over to their owners in a condition to afford a support for their families. In this way a Minneapolis colony has already been formed and an Omaha colony. A few of the members of these colonies are already on the ground building their homes and caring for their trees, but the greater part of them remain at their usual avocations in those cities, making annual payments on their little fruit-farms and intending to emigrate only when the trees are in bearing. This plan, carefully and honestly carried out at both ends of the transaction, is undoubtedly a good one. The

purchaser must make his payments regularly in order that the company may carry out its part of the agreement and the company must see to it that the young orchards have proper care. To insure proper planting and care of trees the plan includes the selection by each colony of a representative who is called the colony leader and who goes at once upon the ground and is paid by the company selling the land to do the orchard work. He is, of course, some person in whom the purchasers have confidence and who looks after their interests. He builds a home upon the tract and plants a small orchard for himself. He keeps in correspondence with the other members of the colony who remain in their old homes, and attends to any special instructions they may give as to the kinds of trees they want planted on their tracts and makes for them such other improvements as they may desire to have made prior to their moving out to take possession. The practical working out of this scheme will enable many mechanics, clerks and others of small incomes living in cities to put their savings into orchard homes and to have them developed up to a point of affording a revenue in five years.

There are some very desirable features about this Clarke County fruit region. It lies west of the Cascade Mountains and is consequently in the rainy belt where no irrigation is required. Fuel

costs practically nothing, but the labor of preparing it and the mild, spring-like winters make very little required for comfort. All sorts of garden truck grows abundantly. Cows pick up a good living in the woods the year round. Salmon and sturgeon are caught in the rivers and trout in the brooks. The sub-drainage of the soil is an important feature, for while you can raise prunes almost anywhere in Washington or Oregon you do not get the best results as to amount and quality of fruit if there is a cold, wet sub-soil underlying the surface. Then, just at this particular point on the river, between Vancouver and Las Camas, the cold winds from the mountains do not strike upon the hill-slopes and plateaus, but pass them by in a current of air that blows down the river. The near proximity to Portland is another advantage, for Portland is already an important fruit market from which both fresh and dried fruit is shipped to the in-



THE HOTEL LAFAYETTE, MINNETONKA BEACH.—GLIMPSES OF LAKE MINNETONKA.

OPENING OF THE HOTEL LAFAYETTE.

We understand that important and extensive improvements and alterations are to be made at Hotel Lafayette, Minnetonka Beach, prior to opening day, June 22nd. Contracts have been let for a new electric light plant and the house will have a general and thorough over-hauling; plumbing be renewed and large additions made to the bath room facilities; attractive changes on the grounds are now underway. The Company also contemplate the erection of a large and commodious boat house for the accommodation of oarsmen and yacht clubs attending regattas, which will be made a special feature of this resort. It is intended, if possible, on the opening day an eight-oared rowing contest will take place between the Minnesotas' and some other eight-oared crew of National prominence. The Lafayette is expected to be made the summer resort of the West, not only socially, but in all other respects. Society people and those having social aspirations will not be "in the swim" if they fail to secure the benefit of a summer vacation at this charming resort.

Mr. Emil Straka will again lead the orchestra. Through the efforts of the Northern steamships on the Great Lakes it is believed that a large number of Eastern people will become guests of Hotel Lafayette this season. Altogether the outlook is favorable to a resumption of the activity of former days when the lake resorts were crowded with wealth and fashion from all parts of the country. The house will again be under the management of Capt. E. V. Holcomb, who has been the genial host for several seasons past.

ST. PAUL FOUNDRY CO.

The reputation of the St. Paul Foundry Company extends to the Pacific Coast. With the largest shops, best facilities and greatest variety of patterns of any foundry in the Northwest, the company is able to compete successfully with similar establishments in any part of the country. Ample capital and long experience enable the company to undertake the largest enterprises and to execute all orders promptly. One of the most important specialties is architectural iron work. Railway bridge castings and general foundry, machine and blacksmith work are also important lines in which this St. Paul company excels. One feature which is of great advantage to patrons is the large line of stock steel beams carried, orders for which can be filled at once. The company's work is seen in many of the most prominent buildings at home and throughout the Northwest. In St. Paul are such buildings as the Ryan Hotel, German American, Germania and First National banks, and scores of others that must be nameless. The St. Paul Foundry Company is indeed an honor to the city that harbors it.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.—One of the interesting facts established by the expedition which has been engaged in surveying the boundary between the property of Great Britain and Alaska was that Mount St. Elias is not on United States territory, and that it must give precedence in regard to height to three mountains further inland which all stand in British possessions. The height of Mount St. Elias is 18,023 feet, and that of Mount Logan 19,534 feet high.

terior and to our Eastern cities in car-load lots and where commission merchants are established who have their connections with the fruit dealers of important consuming centers. The growers near Vancouver have thus a reliable market close at hand. Small steamboats land at the farms along the river and take the fruit into Portland at low rates of freight.

It will be seen that the remarkable development of the fruit industry around Vancouver during the past few years has not been accidental, but is based on specially favorable conditions. During the three hours drive our party made up the river and back upon the plateau we must have seen not less than two thousand acres planted in young orchards one and two years old, and preparations were on foot to set out two or three hundred acres more this season. The bearing orchards along the river front must aggregate as great an extent as do the young ones and we by no means saw all the territory put out to fruit near the town, for we only went in one direction. Some of the oldest orchards lie north and west of the place. The plateau of which I speak has an area of cleared ground of about one mile in width by five miles in length. Here is where the new colonies are establishing themselves. It is not an extravagant prediction to say that in five years all this plateau will be an orchard and garden settled in five and ten acre tracts and connected with Vancouver by an electric railway and that new clearings will by that time have nearly doubled the area available for further orchard planting.

The current estimates of the value of an orchard in full bearing in this region varies from five hundred to one thousand dollars per acre. It is a common saying that each year's growth after an orchard is planted adds a hundred dollars an acre every year. A family with five acres of well-grown prune trees in bearing is independent and with ten acres a man is accounted as moderately rich in this region. E. V. S.

For further information concerning fruit lands and fruit raising at Vancouver and at other

points near Portland, the reader is recommended to address the Stearns Fruit Land Company, Portland, Oregon.

TACOMA'S BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Already conditions have much improved, says the Tacoma Ledger. The period of liquidation and foreclosure seems to be about ended. People who have been loaners heretofore are now owners of property here. Instead of taking our money away in the form of interest they are now sending money here to pay taxes and to make improvements. Many uncompleted buildings have already been completed. Many new homes have been built, and other improvements already made. The large buildings going on the flats are providing work for many, and the opening of the new bridge at Eleventh Street will undoubtedly lead to more buildings in that part of Tacoma, which must in the near future become the principal center of industry. While the prospect of a steady improvement in business is brightening everywhere, there is no point on the Coast where it is brighter than in Tacoma. All the resources within the State and commerce with other States and foreign lands, in the faith of which the city was built, are more available now than at any previous time. The State is producing a greater variety of commodities, and depending less upon supplies from the East. The falling off in the shipments of meats, butter, eggs and other articles of food has become so great, as home products have increased, that the railroads are feeling the loss of the freight, but this loss to the railroads is a distinct gain to the State. It results in keeping money at home to be distributed here instead of going outside, and thus helps turn the balance in our favor. We know better what our real resources are, and how to turn them to the best account. We have been fortunate in having railroads built to open different part of the State to settlement, and are now better prepared to invite new immigration and take care of it as it comes. As the State grows Tacoma and all other legitimate towns will grow.



If a man five years ago should have said, "In the spring of 1895 the Superior flouring mills will have orders on hand for 500,000 barrels of their product and will probably manufacture 2,000,000 barrels during the year," he would have been looked upon as the greatest boomer of them all; and yet, his prediction would have been true.—*Superior Telegram*.

Minnesota

The village authorities of Stephen, west of Rainy Lake City, are boring for an artesian well, and at a depth of 250 feet they bored through a six-foot vein of coal. The coal was examined and, from appearances, seems to be of a good quality of soft coal. A further examination is to be made, and if it proves to be a good vein a company will be organized to mine it.

Moorhead will be a Mecca for the mechanic and laboring man this season, and no cry of hard times by them can find an excuse. The many improvements to be made by the city, State, and private individuals and societies will give employment to hundreds. Several private residences have already been erected, or are in progress of erection, and several more have been contracted for; and still others are on the tapis.—*Moorhead News*.

William Deering, the Chicago millionaire manufacturer of farm machinery, has made another large purchase of real estate in this city. He has supplemented his \$20,000 purchase of the Judd property by buying the Cushman homestead, Fourth Street and Second Avenue S., paying therefor \$157,000, and is going to erect an office building on this property.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

Inquiry of farmers in this county proves that there will be a great falling off in wheat acreage this year, and that the acreage seeded to flax, corn and potatoes will be greatly increased. Farmers have lost confidence in wheat. It is hoped that they will realize a much greater degree of prosperity by the change. Cows, pigs and poultry will also receive more attention. This country will prosper by the change in progress, especially if the financial policy of the nation is changed.—*Moorhead News*.

A Minneapolis company, at the head of which is Chas. A. Pillsbury, the prominent miller, has begun work on the construction of a dam across the Mississippi about a mile below St. Anthony's Falls. The cost of the dam will not be far from a million dollars and the work will occupy two years' time. The purpose is to use the power in the generation of electricity for use chiefly by the street car lines of the Twin Cities. If there is any surplus power it will be sold for manufacturing and lighting purposes. This important project is a notable illustration of the new spirit of enterprise which begins to manifest itself in both Minneapolis and St. Paul. A new era of growth for these cities is evidently at hand.

"One of the best indications of the business condition of the country," said Postmaster General Wilson to a *Globe* correspondent recently, "may be found in the reports of presidential postmasters. I have here on my desk an epitome of the reports of the postal receipts and expenditures of the post-offices in thirty of the leading cities of the country. From this it appears that the receipts of the post-office at St. Paul for the first quarter of the year 1894 were \$92,888.88. The receipts for the first quarter of 1895 were \$107,782.72, an increase of \$14,893.84, or sixteen per cent. That is the greatest increase of business shown by any city in the Union, the nearest approximate of thrift being manifested in Washington city, with an increase of thirteen per cent, and Cincinnati with eleven per cent. To my mind that official statement of the business of the St. Paul post-office indicates a return of business prosperity for the Northwest, which I hope will extend to other parts of the country."

North Dakota.

A five-foot vein of coal has been discovered near Island Lake, north of Leeds.

Good crop prospects are reported from all parts of the State. The warm weather in April, following seed

ing, gave the grain a quick start, and the cool weather following in May was very favorable for good "stooling" and steady growth.

Reports of a lively demand for farm lands reach us from many points in North Dakota. The new movement for mixed farming and a considerable influx of new people account for this demand.

Speaking of the machine invented by a North Dakota man to burn the Russian thistle or cactus, the *La Moure Chronicle* says it performs all that is claimed for it, but the heat developed is so intense that ordinary material will not stand it. The machines will no doubt have to be built of heavier iron.

South Dakota.

Dairying in South Dakota has assumed such proportions that the state agricultural college will institute a series of practical lectures on the subject, and will instruct the dairymaids of the state in the art of making butter that will sell for three times the price of the article they have been producing. There has been a very remarkable growth in the creamery industry in South Dakota this year, and this move on the part of the State school is merely an indication of its strength. New creameries are building in all the southern and eastern counties, and are dotting many townships. The number of cows is increasing and their value is growing, since they are productive of more income. The creamery idea, and the diversification of farming, which also is meeting with great favor now in the Dakotas, as well as in Minnesota, will change mightily the agricultural prospects of the three States in a very few years. Indeed, the effect is already to be plainly seen in any part of the Northwest where the one-crop idea has been abandoned a season or two, in better buildings, more bank deposits, more thrift in the towns, and an air of prosperity that wheat, alone, does not bring in these times of over-production and consequent low prices.

Montana.

The richest strike probably ever made in a Montana mine was that made at the Hope at Basin lately, on the east drift of the 200, says the *Butte Inter Mountain*. Six inches on the hanging wall is said to be almost pure gold, and one piece broken off as a specimen yielded \$500. A guard has been placed on duty around the mine, and the ore is broken down on canvas so that none will be lost. The men are searched when coming off shift. The ore assays \$16,000 to the ton.

A Phillipsburg correspondent of the *Helena Independent* writes: From present indications there will be quite a building boom here this season. The town is full to overflowing and there is not a vacant house for rent within the limits of the rather large townsite. The business houses are doing more than average good business, and altogether there is an air of prosperity about the town that would at once give the stranger the impression that its people were well-to-do and prosperous.

It is stated on reliable authority that the Anaconda refinery to be built at Great Falls will be three times the size of the Anaconda plant. In other words, it will contain 1,800 vats, will have a capacity for turning out 150 tons of copper per day, and will cover probably three acres of ground. The dynamos which will be used in supplying current for so large an institution will be the largest made. However, as the current will be generated from the abundant water-power of Black Eagle Falls, the cost will be materially reduced.—*Montana Mining Reporter*.

The outlook for Lump Gulch, generally speaking, is of the most encouraging character. New strikes, some of them almost on the surface of the ground, are being made daily, and in those properties where they have been compelled to go deeper before getting ore, every foot of progress gives evidence of ore in the near future. It is not expected that every prospect will develop into a mine; but enough of them will to make of Lump Gulch one of the most remarkable mining districts in the State.—*Lump City Miner*.

The Montana Coal and Coke Company is making extensive improvements at their works, which will increase their facilities for handling the output of the mines, and add largely to the production of coke. The main feature of the work is a tramway over 8,000 feet in length, through which it is the intention to convey the coal direct from the mines to the washers, and no further handling will be required until the coal reached the ovens, nearly two miles below. The coke now being produced is superior to that formerly burned at Horr, and finds a ready market at the Montana smelters.—*Helena Herald*.

A number of new mining strikes and discoveries have been reported this week from different parts of the State. Most of these new finds are made in mines

that had been worked years ago and abandoned, not that they were "petered out," but that the owners became tired of working them and naturally discontinued development and production. Today these properties are being placed in new hands, under bond and lease, and are being worked. Almost invariably they are among the best producers in the country and are being scientifically and systematically opened up. Where a dozen mines and mills have been standing idle for the past five and ten years, now the sound of dropping stamps and many busy miners can be seen producing the white and yellow metal.—*Butte Review*.

There has recently been found in Montana a gem field that is destined to eclipse anything in this line ever before discovered on the Western Hemisphere. We are not at liberty to disclose the whereabouts of this discovery from the fact that the owners are desirous of preventing a stampede to the region, since a stampede could avail nothing, as the country has been located for miles around the discovery. These gems are the genuine Oriental sapphire, are of a beautiful blue color, have a most wonderful luster and cut most beautifully. When specimens of these precious gems were sent to Helena to be cut, the jeweler, supposing that the discoverers were not aware of the nature of their find, sent out a party to try to secure the property, but the fortunate discoverers by accident became aware of the value of their find in time not to dispose of it for a trifle. Ere the mid-summer is here the whereabouts of this wonderful sapphire field will probably be made known and the stones come into market. One remarkable part of the discovery is that the gems, which are exceedingly beautiful, are found in large quantities, although they do not compare in size with the less valuable products of the gem fields of Canyon Ferry and Eldorado Bar.—*White Sulphur Springs Husbandman*.

Idaho.

Mr. G. Weber left a sample of mica at this office last Saturday, from Hallett's Mine at the head of Bear Creek, which is the finest we have ever seen. It was as clear as crystal, and we understand the owners have a ledge that contains large quantities. This spring there is more work than ever being done in the mountains near the Moscovite Mica Mine, and a number of promising ledges are being opened up. If they prove to be good, they will create a fine industry for the country and bring large amounts of money to the owners.—*Moscow Mirror*.

There are several unexplored mineral districts in Idaho which are worthy of consideration from the prospector. In Lemhi County, the Salmon Mountains, in Idaho and Shoshone counties, the Bitter Root Range with its spurs, in Kootenay County, north of Kootenay River, all afford rich fields for the search of minerals. There are two districts which deserve special mention; these are the Clearwater Country, in Idaho and Shoshone counties, of 2,500 square miles, and that district in Kootenay County which lies between the Yahk River and the west line, 1,300 square miles. Both these districts, while very little known, have been proven to be mineral bearing.

Oregon.

Pendleton, Oregon, today has 1,000,000 pounds of wool in her warehouses, and the season has not commenced in earnest. No purchases have been reported yet, but buyers are getting the field sized up and awaiting advices from the East so as to know just what can be paid for the wools which grow on Inland Empire sheep this season.—*Spokane Spokesman, May 8*.

A big placer gold find is reported from Sturgill Bar, on Snake River. Recently a large cave took place at the upper end of the diggings, where Capt. Ed Robinett was in charge of the nozzle, and as soon as the dirt that had fallen was washed away, Capt. Robinett discovered that the rim of the bedrock rose up in front of him thirty feet high. As day was breaking he made an examination of the bedrock, and imagine his surprise as he saw at every point nuggets of all shapes and sizes. He called the other men and together they soon filled the two-quart dinner pails and proceeded to the house of Messrs. Reed and Beezley, the owners. Careful examination has been made of the channel exposed, and conservative estimates place the value of the coarse gold actually in sight at many thousand dollars, and the gold already picked up at \$14,500. Everybody in this section is looking for high bars and coarse gold channels on Snake River, so you must keep your columns open ready to record the good news that is sure to follow the greatest placer gold find ever made in North America, equaling in value the celebrated McDonald find at old Bendigo, on the Yarra Yarra, Australia, in 1866.

Washington.

A cannery, a tannery and other smaller institutions are to be sandwiched in among other large in-

dustrial establishments which Tacoma intends to secure the present season.

Walla Walla is moving in the matter of a packing house to cost \$100,000.

An employe of the Northern Pacific land department has located a deposit of quartz containing, it is reported, a sufficient amount of silica from which to manufacture glass, on the Northern Pacific, in the Cascades. Lack of this kind of quartz has been a drawback to the proposed establishment of glass works in Tacoma.

The Union Brick Works, of Tacoma, has been awarded the contract of furnishing the Northern Pacific Railway 2,200,000 bricks to complete the arching of the great Stampede tunnel in the Cascades. The company has been gradually replacing the woodwork in the tunnel with brick for six years past, and this firm has supplied 12,000,000 bricks for the work.

Colonel Hart, who represents an Eastern syndicate, is superintending the construction of a road into the Slate Creek mines. There is a great rush of men and teams into the Methow Valley headed for the new work. The length of the road will be seventy-five miles, and 400 men will be employed in its construction. Thirty-two of the mines have been bonded for \$40,000, and as soon as the road is completed men and teams will be employed to work them.—*Ellensburg Register*.

The Union Iron Works are building thirty Gold King amalgamators for the Midas Gold Saving Machinery Company. Recently eleven tons of beach sand from Grays Harbor, Wash., was run through a Gold King amalgamator at the works here, and the results were so satisfactory that twenty machines were ordered and, as soon as completed, will be shipped and put in operation by companies interested in the gold-bearing beach sands of Grays Harbor.—*San Francisco Call*.

The Northern Pacific Steamship Company has chartered three new and first-class steel screw vessels for its Oriental route, as follows: The *Evandale*, net tonnage, 2,468; *Strathnevis*, 2,232 tons—both built in England, last year; and *Hankow*, 2,332 tons. Each of these vessels have a carrying capacity of about 6,000 tons, or nearly double that of the steamships *Victoria* and *Tacoma*, which will be retained in the service, while the *Sikh*'s charter is allowed to expire. This gives the company a fleet of five vessels.

By July 15th next a cigar-shaped raft, 325 feet long, fifty-two feet wide, thirty feet in depth, that will draw between twenty and twenty-one feet, will be launched. Its logs, if placed end to end, would reach a distance of seventy-six miles. The weight will be 10,000 tons. The girth at the midship section is 139 feet, and at the end of the tapered section forty-five feet. It is being built at Stella, Wash., forty miles up the Columbia River from its mouth, and will contain 400,000 lineal feet, the equivalent in board measure of 6,000,000 feet.

The Canadian Northwest.

The Hudson Bay railroad project has been under the wing of the Canadian Government for the past ten years, and the grant in cash and land to aid the construction of the road has been extended from time to time, the present extension expiring Dec. 31, 1896. The road is to receive from the Government a subsidy of \$10,000 in cash and 6,400 acres of land for each mile of road constructed, and an additional subsidy, in return for concessions on the part of the road to the Government, of \$80,000 per year for twenty years, to assist in its operation.

The rush for the Trail Creek mining country continues unprecedentedly large and Seattle has furnished her contingent of the eager seekers after wealth. The Spokane Falls and Northern, with which the Northern Pacific and Great Northern make direct connection at Spokane, run daily trains to Northport, where connection

is made by stage for the mines. From Seattle parties who have been over the route it is learned that from three to six stages are running daily on the fifteen miles of wagon road between Northport and Rossland, and in addition a large number of prospectors go in by saddle horses and others on foot. The distance from Spokane to Northport is 125 miles, and from thence to Rossland fifteen miles, making the exact distance from Spokane to the new camp 150 miles.—*Seattle Press-Times*.

"The last issue of the Fort Francis (Ontario) *News* contains the following: Fort Francis has been in a fever of excitement for the last day or two over a new gold find in Big Manitou Lake. The new find is on an island of about 900 acres and was made by a trapper and hunter named Isaac Sanderson. Sanderson has known of the location for some time, but not being an experienced miner did not know its value. Recently he took his brother-in-law, Dick Lyons, and Rufus and Dan Mosher into his confidence, and together they made an examination of the location. About a bushel of specimens was brought down, which excel anything ever yet brought into Fort Francis. Recently an 8-ounce piece of rock was panned, and the result was a tail of gold completely encircling the pan. The value of the gold taken from this small piece of rock is estimated at thirty cents by expert miners. The like of it was never seen before, and mining men and prospectors are wild over it.

North Dakota Lignite Coal.

J. F. Brodie, an experienced Pennsylvania miner has recently opened a coal mine on the thickest vein discovered in North Dakota. The mine is called the East Lehigh and is located at Lehigh station, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, four miles east of the town of Dickinson. The vein is twenty-six feet thick and is entered on a level from the side of a hill a few hundred feet from the railroad track. Mr. Brodie owns 240 acres of ground under which this enormous vein is known to extend without a fault. For quality the coal is unsurpassed by any North Dakota lignite. It comes out in clean, large chunks, free from clay and analysis shows that its value for fuel is about eighty per cent of that of Ohio bituminous coal. Mr. Brodie puts this coal on the cars for shipment at the mouth of the mine at a cost to the purchaser of one dollar per ton. The coal deposit is so large and is so easily and cheaply worked that operations at the mine can be extended to keep pace with the demand for the coal, and orders can be filled as fast as received. North Dakota lignite is growing in favor all over the State as an economical home and manufacturing fuel. It is fast supplanting Eastern coals. There are also deposits of brick and pottery clay, fine building stone, and a good quality of glass sand. Address orders to J. F. Brodie, Lehigh, North Dakota.

Important Change of Time.

The new service on the Nickel Plate Road went into effect on Sunday, May 19th. Three trains will be run in each direction, leaving Chicago going east at 8:05 A. M., daily except Sunday, 1:30 and 9:20 P. M. daily. No change of cars between Chicago and New York in either direction. Also through sleepers between Chicago and Boston. Superb dining cars are a feature of the new service. Rates always the lowest. City ticket office, 111 Adams Street. Telephone main 389.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, MR. THOMAS BARNES, lock box 367 Marshall, Mich.

'AS OTHERS SEE US.'

"I am very fond of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, and its arrival each month is greeted with pleasure."—C. H. Peck, banker, Red Bluff, Mont.

Don O. Spalding, an extensive breeder of fine sheep in the Madison Valley, in Montana, writes from Meadow Creek: "I like THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE very much—it gives so much information about our Western country."

Those who, in imagination, desire to enjoy a visit to the great fruit orchards and gardens on the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains and wish to understand the methods of irrigation, should procure THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. The descriptions are pleasing, the illustrations beautiful, and a complete picture of Western life and Western advancement is given in a most interesting form.—*Pilot Mound (Man.) Sentinel*.

"I greatly enjoy reading THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE and consider it the brightest, newest and best-edited periodical in the West."—E. C. Elwood, Grand Forks, N. D.

Among the noteworthy features of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for April is an engaging article by Herbert Bashford, the Tacoma author, "Along the Northwest Coast;" it is handsomely illustrated from drawings by his wife, who is a clever and truthful artist. There are many other excellent things in this number, the poetic fancies being very good. Editor Smalley's broad spirit is apparent throughout.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Blade*.

In Effect May 19th.

Remember the new service on the Nickel Plate Road goes into effect May 19th. Afternoon train will leave Chicago at 1:30 P. M., arrive at Cleveland 11:30 P. M., Buffalo 6 o'clock A. M. Evening train will leave Chicago at 9:20 P. M., and arrive at Cleveland 9:50 A. M., affording business men an excellent train service to those cities. Through trains between Chicago, New York and Boston without change. Superb dining cars. City ticket office, 111 Adams Street. Telephone main 389.

"No, strawberries I can't approve."

The kind landlady said.

"He's apt to get, who on them feeds,

Appendicitis from the seeds.

Far better that the ones we love

On harmless prunes be fed."

I sent a perfumed billet doux

To a maiden aged thirty and toux

It expressed inclination

Toward annexation,

And she telegraphed, "I'm your louloulou."

—*Hot Springs Cat*.

Broncho Bill—"I was talkin' with an Eastern man today, and he says when two fellows in his section have a dispute they just go to law and sue each other for damages or somethin'."

Hair Trigger Ike—"But how about the loser? Don't he get a gun and try to get even?"

Broncho Bill—"Waal, as near as I kin make out, by the time the loser hez paid the lawyers he ain't got no money to buy guns."



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CENTRAL MINNESOTA.

On account of the fact that the settlement of the great State of Minnesota has advanced from the south to the north, a much larger proportion of the area of the State than is warranted by its geography is commonly known as Northern Minnesota. In fact, about all of the country north of a line drawn east and west through St. Cloud, is usually included under that term. The suggestion now begins to gain ground that there should be three geographical divisions adopted, just as is the case in New York, Illinois and several other States—that we should speak of Southern Minnesota, Central Minnesota and Northern Minnesota. If this were done, it would be found that the true central belt across the State from east to west is traversed by the old main line of the Northern Pacific from Duluth to Moorhead, running through Aitkin, Brainerd, Wadena and Detroit. Yet almost every Minnesota man thinks of that region as in the north. The fact is that the geographical center of the State, ascertained by determining the point where a line drawn from the northeast corner to the southeast corner intersects a line drawn from the northwest corner to the southeast corner, is about ten miles west of Brainerd. Thus Brainerd, instead of being away up north is, in reality, the central city of Minnesota.

The proposed change in nomenclature derives an interest from the new movement of settlers into the true central belt. In the seventies the great tide of Northwestern immigration passed over this part of Minnesota to seek homes in the then Territory of Dakota. In the eighties the movement was chiefly to Washington. Now it is found that a great deal of excellent land was skipped in this rush for the Far West. Home-seekers are beginning to look over this country

that lies within six or eight hours' travel on main line of railways from the big cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul and from the important inland sea ports of Duluth and Superior. They find that the region lies upon the plateau, where interlacing streams and lake systems drain into the Gulf of Mexico through the Mississippi, into Hudson's Bay through the Red River of the North, and into the Atlantic through the chain of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence; that, although forest-covered in large part, it contains many prairie openings and a great deal of lightly timbered hard-wood land that can profitably be cleared, and that it is free from malaria and singularly healthy. They find, further, that it is well-furnished with railways leading to the chief markets of Minnesota, and that the conditions of comfortable civilized life are already at hand for the new settler.

This central belt of Minnesota is by no means a frigid country. The winters are no colder than those of Vermont or of Northern New York. The fact that the climate is not an excessively cold one will be understood by looking at a map and noticing that the well-settled farming regions of Manitoba, where people prosper by raising grain and cattle, lie two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles further north. That tells the story of the winter climate of Central Minnesota to a stranger to the country. Talk with the old residents who have lived there perhaps twenty years, and they will say that the climate, taking it the whole year round, leaves little to complain of and that the unbroken three months of good sleighing, which is the usual condition in winter, is greatly to be preferred to the alternations of cold and thaw, with rain, sleet and snow, which characterizes December, January and February in the Atlantic Coast States.

Land is cheap in Central Minnesota. Indian

corn grows there as well as wheat, barley, rye, oats and buckwheat. The native grasses are luxuriant and the rainfall is ample. The great number of small lakes of pure spring water abound in fish and make a beautiful variety in the landscapes. It is a thoroughly good country for industrious men to build up homes in.

AROUND VERNDALE.

The country tributary to Verndale offers splendid inducements to settlers desirous of good homes at a very low figure. There are thousands of acres of unoccupied lands that can be purchased at from \$3 to \$5 per acre, and on long time at a low rate of interest. We refer more particularly to the splendid farming lands lying east and south of Verndale in Wadena and Todd counties. The soil is rich and strong and well adapted to cereals and grasses. These lands are close to market, being on the line of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways. There is plenty of fuel, ties and lumber material for the next fifty years' use, abundance of good water, sufficient meadow and tillable land to make the most desirable farms in the world.—*Verndale Sun*.

THE NEW TOWN OF BERMIDJE.

A new town has been laid out on the route of the Brainerd & Northern Railroad twenty miles beyond the present end of track. It is called Bermidje. The parties interested in the enterprise are Tam Bixby, private secretary of Gov. Clough; A. C. Clausen, State grain inspector; Harris Richardson, chairman of the State Republican committee, and Dr. Hutchison. It is expected that the proposed line of the Great Northern from Duluth to Fosston, will cross the Brainerd & Northern at this point.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA FARM LANDS.

The attention of home-seekers is called to the excellent agricultural lands in Northern Minnesota offered at low prices to settlers. These lands are near towns and railroads. Some of these lands are lightly timbered with hardwood; others are open prairie; others are part prairie and part timbered. Soil and climate are well adapted for general farming, stock-raising and dairying. The country is well-watered and attractive and a peculiar feature is the large number of small lakes abounding in fish.

ST. PAUL & NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.
CENTRAL MINNESOTA LANDS
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Homestead Rights, for sale at bargains.
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1st Mortgages for sale, bearing 7 per cent interest. Write me for information, etc.
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250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS.
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\$2.50 to \$12 per acre, in TODD COUNTY, one of the richest in the famous Park Region. Big list improved farms; cheap, long time. Have you money to loan on improved farms at 7 per cent net to you?
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20,000 acres still open for settlers in Wadena Co.
100,000 acres railroad land at \$2 to \$4 per acre. One-sixth cash; balance 5 years' time at 7 per cent.
Brush, timber and meadow lands. Improved farms.
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Do not buy land anywhere until you see our maps and get prices. They will be sent to you FREE.
Address,
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DO YOU WANT A FARM,
Improved or Unimproved?
Write me. I have sixty improved farms, \$4 to \$20 per acre, in sizes to suit you. Thousands of acres of wild lands, \$1.25 to \$6 per acre, on your own time. I can use your money, on improved farms, at 8 per cent, and give you good security.
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Corn, Pork, Cattle, Poultry, Potatoes.
Improved Farms and Wild Lands
in Pope County, Central Minnesota;
REASONABLE PRICES.
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Lands very rich and convenient to railroad in Western Morrison County.
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Offers for sale a large amount of good land in Northern Minnesota adapted for general farming. Some of it is prairie, some is part prairie and part hardwood land, and some is timbered with pine and hardwood. Low prices and easy terms of payment. For maps and information address
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Also 250,000 acres of other lands at from \$2 to \$5 per acre. If you want a farm, improved or unimproved, write me.
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SPARE-MOMENTS.

Woman is the Power.

Men are only leaders from outward appearances; close scrutiny will almost invariably reveal a woman's power, a woman's encouragement, a woman's love behind them. She is the power of the world today. As she points, so events will tend—not as a leader herself, but as a creator of leaders. Let her shape sentiment; men will see to it that her sentiment is known, adopted and recognized. The literature, the dramatic art of the world, is hers; in her hands, too, rests the surest power to uplift man from moral degradation and intemperate principles.—*Edward W. Bok.*

The Gold-Eye.

The gold-eye is a beautiful fish and seems to be found only in the lakes and rivers of the prairie region. It is finely formed, with a small head, and long well-shaped body, somewhat flat. The fish is of brown color and in general appearance slightly resembles a black bass, excepting that the body does not taper so quickly, the mouth is smaller and the eyes of a color supposed to resemble that of gold. The gold-eye is found in all the rivers of Manitoba, but seldom goes up the Pembina so far as the lakes. Multitudes of these fish inhabit Lake Winnipegosis and Lake Manitoba. The gold-eye takes the bait readily and is a fine, strong fish on the line.—*Pilot Mount Sentinel*

A Historic Poplar.

In Lewiston, Idaho, there is a historical tree. A merchant who rode a lazy mule to this city in 1864, the scene of future business enterprise of great magnitude, used on the journey from Walla Walla a poplar switch. That switch, which was by hard service on the journey reduced to a stout club, bruised and peeled, was set in the ground, nourished, and grew to be a tall, straight tree, the first on the then barren sandbar. That tree still flourishes by the edge of the sidewalk on Main street. It is seventy-five feet high and eight and a half feet in circumference. And this tree is the parent of all the trees in this valley of the poplar kind. Twigs were severed from this parent, poplar as the years went by, till now every street in the city is shaded by a line of them on each side; the lanes in the country are lined with them; farmers have ornamental trees, groves and windbreaks—all in a direct line of ancestry from the club Robert Grostein used to encourage his mule when he came to this city, in the history of which he has been so extensively associated.—*Lewiston Teller.*

Rawhiding Ore.

A good deal is said in mining items from the Slocan Country, B. C., about "rawhiding" ore and other freight. The "rawhiders" take cowhides just as they are skinned from the slaughtered animal. Any rough edges may be trimmed off. Holes about one inch in diameter are cut about one foot apart around the edges, the hide is laid flat on the ground and the sacks of ore piled thereon. Some rawhiders place two sacks side by side and some three. After the hide is loaded the ends and sides are drawn together by a rope passed through the holes as described above. In this manner the load is laced tightly in the hide. The neck of the hide is always the front, and to it is fastened the whiffletree. If the trail is very steep, one or more loads of sacked ore are hitched one behind the other, and the mule started down the trail on the run. For extra steep pitches in the trail a rough-lock, consisting of a steel chain, is fastened around the load. All supplies for the miners are hauled up the trail by rawhide transportation. So expert do the rawhiders become that they balance themselves on top of a loaded hide while the mule is going down a steep mountain side on the dead run. The mules themselves soon learn where to stop for the rough-lock to be applied, and it is said by various chroniclers of the Slocan that some rawhiders have their mules so well trained that they sit down on the load and shoot over the steepest places, thus making rough-locking unnecessary.

R. E. COBB,

Dealer in

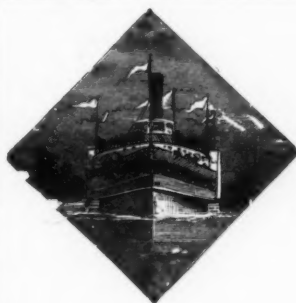
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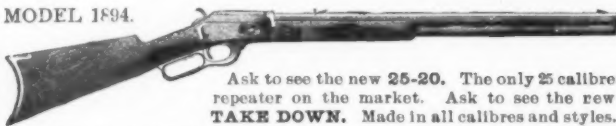
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COMING PROSPERITY.

To those brave pioneers who have shared the shifting fortunes and the changing scenes of North Dakota's infancy there are bright hopes ahead. All new territories when first settled are considered by the older and settled countries to be worthless, and when the bottom dropped from North Dakota's wheat boom the country was at once turned over to the dogs. Those who were unable to get away stayed here and raised wheat, and piled loss upon loss until the greatest bulwark of their liberties were mortgages. Under the mistaken idea that nothing but wheat could be successfully raised in North Dakota, its farmers have persisted in raising that crop until they have virtually been forced to abandon it, and therein lies their salvation. It is true that our soil raises the largest crops of the best No. 1 hard wheat, and always will, but the price is what makes it a losing venture. This year the value of the wheat raised will not be one-half the value of its other products. There is every indication that farm property will rise rapidly in value, following this change, and vacant lands will be eagerly sought after. Now is the time to make investments and hold your land if you own any. You need no longer talk of being land poor.—*Nelson County Herald.*

DUNKARDS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Friends of North Dakota, says the *Jamestown Alert*, have formed a big emigration scheme, to get all the Dunkards in the United States to form a community in this State. The advanced guard has already arrived and, from the reports of children and stock being born on the train, the idea is propagated that the new colonists are prolific, if nothing else.

The Dunkers or Tunkers are Baptists of German descent. They had their name from the German tunken, to dip. They are dippers. The

originators came to America, driven by religious persecution from Holland, and settled near Philadelphia as early as 1720. Settlements spread over into Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana. The early customs of discouraging marriage and possession of private property have about disappeared. They held it was unlawful to take interest for money. The early religious customs are still retained to a great extent, however, observing the Lord's supper in the evening only, the apostolic washing of feet, the literal anointing of the sick with oil, plainness of speech and dress, refusal to take oaths or serve in war.

Their number has greatly decreased. They are held to be a most desirable class of people, however, to secure for residents of a new State, and North Dakota will welcome them heartily even if the dipping facilities on the prairies are not as great as in other parts of the country where woods and streams abound.

HANG ON TO YOUR FARM.

The poor man in North Dakota should hang on to his farm, for his claim, which is now most likely under mortgage, is some day bound to bring him more than the debt upon it. Many things have conspired to force the price of farm lands to their present low figure. Drouth and frost a few years ago were agents in this, but there has been no frost for four years, and fair living crops have been grown in nearly every part of the State east of the Missouri River—a vast farm empire of itself. Good claims can be had in any county in the State for a few hundred dollars. Even at the present price of wheat, enough money has been made off one crop last year to pay for a quarter section. All over the State there seems to be a great confidence in the return of better land values. Land is going up and farmers ought to keep the price up. One thousand six hundred dollars is the lowest any 160 acres of school land can be bought for, yet many equally as good

claims are selling in the same counties at less than half that price, when it is not unlikely to be but a matter of a few years when improved farms in the James River Valley, of 160 acres, will bring \$2,500 or \$3,000 and more.

The land outside of the Red River Valley proper is now very cheap, and in many respects it is warmer, quicker land. It will rot manure and stubble and can be fertilized, something difficult to secure in the colder soil of the Red River Country. Oats, barley, potatoes fed to live stock will fatten cattle for market if the grass is insufficient.

The North Dakota lands are productive and profitable in many respects, if not in wheat. The food supplies can be raised here, and wherever they can be raised easily and cheaply, there the soil will be of constant value. Hang on to the claim and get another, is the advice of men who have seen land long considered worthless in other States, rise in value to \$50, \$75 and \$100 an acre.—*Jamestown Alert.*

BRISK DEMAND FOR FARMS.

A. M. Powell, in *Devils Lake News*: The tide of prosperity is setting in toward the Devils Lake region. Last week I sold four farms at good prices which I had had on my books for several years, and almost begging for customers, at ridiculously low figures. In every instance the sale was to farmers on adjoining lands. This I regard as an extremely favorable indication, for it shows that our old residents are realizing the necessity of adding to their farms before the general advance of prices. A good crop this fall will add, I think, at least fifty per cent to the value of farm lands.

DIVIDING THE BIG FARMS.—The division of the big wheat fields into smaller farms is one of the encouraging signs in immigration to this State this spring.—*Steele Ozon.*

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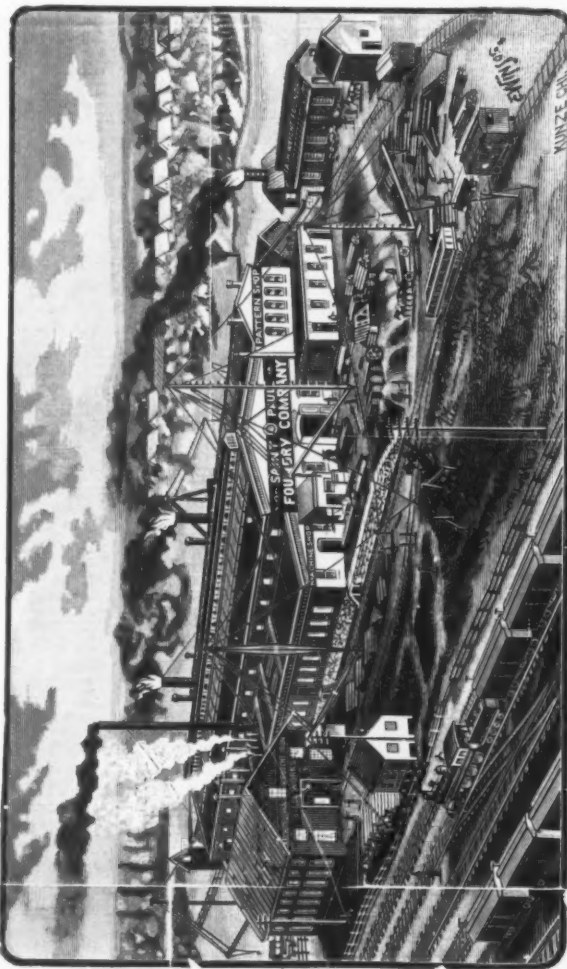
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Harper's Magazine tells of a novel and somewhat startling form a man in the far West adopted, introducing a celebrated Italian violinist to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," began Col. Handy Polk, the well-known real estate agent, stepping to the front of the stage, "It is my privilege to introduce to you Signor—, the notorious furrin fiddler, who will endeavor to favor us with some high class, A No. 1, violin playin'. The signor was born and raised in Italy, where fiddlin' is not merely a fad, but as much a business as politics is in this country, and when it comes to handlin' the bow, he emphatically knows where he is at. He hasn't dropped into our midst by accident, but comes under the auspices of the literary society which is payin' his wages and backin' him to the last gasp. So let it be understood, if you have any criticisms to offer, you are to do your kickin' to the society and not to the signor. I'll jest add, that if you expect him to swing his fiddle around his head, or play it under his leg, like we used to skip stones across the swimmin' hole when we were little, you may jest as well go right now and get your money back, for the signor ain't that kind of a player. That's all I have to say. Start her up, signor."



AN OLD SAYING NEWLY SAID.

Miss Kewit (who wants to bring him to the point)—"I think some old bachelors are horrid."
Mr. Batchelor—"What about present company?"
Miss Kewit—"Present company always accepted."

SCARING A DOG.

Bill Jones of Happy Valley came into the office the other day and said he had found out a good way to scare a dog. He said he didn't see any sense in wanting to shoot a dog or be cruel to dumb brutes by poisoning 'em, when there were ways enough to just scare 'em, and in that way keep 'em from bitin' you. He said, just to show his good faith before we printed the recipe in the News, we might go down street past Oldfeller's place and try his dog once. So we started out with him. Jones took his umbrella and as we walked along he showed us how the old thing worked. He asked us to walk just ahead, and he played we were in the position of the dog and wanted us to growl. When we made a noise he rushed at us with the umbrella, opening and shutting it in rather a startling manner. By and by we reached Oldfeller's place, but didn't see the dog. Then Jones growled like and shouted, "sic 'em Towser!" In about a second and a half "Towser" came flying around the fence corner

and Jones just had time to lower his umbrella when the charge was made. Towser made a rush like a trolley car a half block ahead of you. Jones parried and worked the slide on the umbrella handle. The next instant the dog had a mouthful of a four-dollar umbrella cover and two "ribs" out of the same. Jones expectorated a mouthful of tobacco juice in Towser's eye and then told him he could have the remains of the water cover, his remarks all prefaced with adjectives never used in prayers.

We didn't return to the office together, and Jones said if we ever printed his recipe, or made any mention of the experiment, the A. O. U. W.'s would lose a couple of thousand on us, and have a day off for a funeral.—Fairhaven News.



NOT FOR WILLIAM.

"Ma and I," she said shyly, "are more like sisters that mother and daughter."
"Yes," he said, in clear tones which rose clear to the ceiling.

"Yes, indeed!" said the girl, the rosy flush on her cheeks making her infinitely more beautiful than ever. "Ma and I are inseparable. We have never been separated a single day since I was a little baby."

"N—o?"

"Oh, dear, no!" the girl went on in her artless way. "And ma and I always said that when I was married she was going to love my husband like her own son, and come and keep house for us."

"Oh—h!" said William.

Then he rose firmly, and said he had to be in the office at three o'clock, and as it was now half-past nine he would go. And go he did, and he didn't come back again. No, never.

And ma said to the girl:

"There! you see, you lost him through not fully trusting your mother. Why didn't you tell me that man had been married before?"



HOW TO KEEP UP INTEREST.

"Bourienne," said Napoleon, "I still seem to be interesting to the mortals?"

"You are, sire, you are," returned his faithful secretary.

"Will it last, Bourienne?"

"Oh, I think so, for a while yet, anyhow. You'll have to take a back seat then, unless"—(Here the secretary paused.)

"Unless what?"

"Unless you should marry Trilby. I think the union of the two fads would keep the interest up for quite a while."



A QUIET POINTER.

The Ellensburg Capital thus notes a Yakima lawyer's alleged conversion: During the recent revival at Yakima, an attorney of that town got converted and was immersed in the river, with several others. He was among the first to be baptized, and on coming out he said to the minister, between his chattering teeth: "You'd better take these other people further up stream; there's a b—l of a big rock where you ducked me."



COULDN'T OBLIGE HER.

A bashful young man of Timin, while attending revival meeting was approached by an earnest young woman, who said to him:

"My dear friend, it would do my heart good to lead you to the altar."

The young fellow, hesitating, replied that he appreciated the honor, but as he was already engaged to two girls, he could not accommodate her.—Mansfield (O.) News.



THE METHODIST KITTEN.

A little boy was the possessor of two fine kittens; but he had no money, and that was what he wanted. So he conceived the idea of selling the pets. Soon after he met a man.

"Please, sir, would you like to buy a kitten?"

"A kitten? No, I don't want a cat; but the Methodist minister lives just over there; maybe he would buy it."

A few moments later the small boy was ushered into the presence of the reverend gentleman.

"Please sir, would you like to buy a kitten?"

"No, I think not. I do not need a kitten."

"Oh it's a Methodist kitten," urged the boy; but the kitten did not change homes that day. A day or two later the Methodist minister was calling on a Congregational pastor. The energetic kitten owner appeared at the study door.

"Please sir, would you like to buy a kitten? I have a nice one. It is a Congregational kitten."

The Methodist minister stepped forward, saying:

"I thought you said the other day that it was a Methodist kitten."

"I did, but it has got its eyes open since that."—Minneapolis Journal.

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your pipe and
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STAINED GLASS.

One of the most interesting industries in the Twin Cities of Minnesota and one, besides, of considerable interest on account of its art features, is the manufacture of stained glass. The largest house in this line is that of the Brown & Haywood Company, Minneapolis. A picture of their building appears on this page. It is situated on North Third St., its numbers being 124, 126 and 128. The firm was established in 1881 and has built up a business which extends west to the Pacific Coast, south into Iowa and east into Wisconsin. The company has furnished the art glass for many of the largest churches in the Northwest and has aided in the adornment of many of the finest private houses in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and other cities. They now employ over fifty men. Besides the art glass, which is their specialty, they handle all kinds of plate and window glass—everything, in fact, from the smallest sized window pane up to the enormous plates for store front show windows. Mirrors of all sorts and sizes and of a wide range of values are also found in their extensive stock. Among the recent large orders filled by them was one for all



THE BROWN & HAYWOOD CO. BUILDING, THIRD ST. AND SECOND AVE. NORTH, MINNEAPOLIS.

the glass in the Colorado State capitol building at Denver, and one for all the glass for the Minneapolis court-house and city hall.

The Brown & Haywood Company has a branch store at 41 East Third Street, St. Paul, where they look after the large trade in their line that centers in this city. They published a handsome catalogue which is sent on application, and are always prepared to furnish designs and estimates.

PERHAPS IT WAS A BILLIARD BALL.

A curiosity that is puzzling all comers was found recently in front of Dan Harrington's residence by William Hiltz, the section foreman on the Northern Pacific. It has the exact appearance of an apple, two and one-half inches in diameter, and is of a dark red color, inclining to black. Upon being sawed through, the color, consistency and density were found to be almost identical with ivory. It is believed by many to be a petrified apple, but it does not possess any mineral characteristics. It resembles vegetable ivory in consistency. It was found in the gravel at a depth of ten feet. —Wallace (Idaho) Miner.

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Marry This Girl—Somebody!

MR. EDITOR:—

I stained a new silk dress with lemon juice; what will restore the color? I am making lots of money selling the Climax Dish Washer. Have not made less than \$10 any day I worked. Every family wants a dish washer, and pay \$5 quickly when they see the dishes washed and dried perfectly in ONE MINUTE. I generally sell at every house. It is easy selling what every family wants to buy. I sell as many washers as my brother, and he is an old salesman. I will clear \$3,000 this year. By addressing J. H. Nolen, 60 W. Third Ave., Columbus, Ohio, any one can get particulars about the dish washer, and can do as well as I am doing. Talk about hard times; you can soon pay off a mortgage, when making \$10 a day. If you will ONLY WORK; and why won't people try, when they have such good opportunities.

MAGGIE R.

The Inter-State Park.

There is much rejoicing in Minnesota and Wisconsin because of the acts and appropriations which will do much toward the establishment of an Inter-State park at the Dalles of the St. Croix; and well there may be, for the spot is a beautiful one and it is meet that it should be set apart for the enjoyment of the public. This park may be easily reached by the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, which runs to Taylor's Falls, close to the Dalles. The Duluth Short Line, for that matter, runs through the most picturesque portion of the whole Northwest, besides being the popular route for tourists and business men between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater and other points, where close connections are made with trains and boats running to all points of the compass. This road runs fast trains that are always provided with the latest and most comfortable equipment, and the starts and arrivals are at hours convenient to the general public. Circulars, maps and general information may be readily obtained of all ticket agents or may be had by writing to W. A. Russell, general passenger agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Two of Them.

At a recent gathering of notable men in New York, the after-dinner chat turned upon personal experiences, and a distinguished jurist related this story:

After graduation he migrated to a Western town; months of idleness, with no prospect of improvement, induced him to seek a new home.

Without money to pay his fare, he boarded a train for Nashville, intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said:

"I am on the staff of the *Eagle* of Nashville; I suppose you will pass me!"

The conductor looked at him sharply.

"The editor of that paper is in the smoker, come with me; if he identifies you, all right."

He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained.

Mr. Editor said:

"Oh, yes; I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right."

Before leaving the train the lawyer again sought the editor.

"Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper."

"I am not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away."

Restocking White Bear.

There is now a movement on foot toward the restocking of White Bear with the choicest specimens of the finny tribe, that the heart of the angler may be gladdened thereby and the lake maintain its reputation. White Bear is so close to the big cities that in the past it has had to bear the brunt of the fishing craze, and this because it was and is reached so handily by the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad. The Duluth Short Line (as this road is known everywhere) enjoys the distinction of having more summer resorts of popular repute and general excellence along its line than any other railway in the West, and it would require a book to list them all and detail their beauties, attractions and advantages. Nearly every station is close to a beautiful lake or upon its shores, so that there is ample opportunity for the tired city man to find rest and recreation within easy distance. The Saint Paul

& Duluth is also the short line between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater and other points, where, at handsome terminals, its fast and finely appointed trains make close connections for all points of the compass. For descriptive folders, etc., apply to ticket agents or to W. A. Russell, general passenger agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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St. Paul, Minn.

NOTE.—Elegantly equipped trains from St. Paul and Minneapolis through to St. Louis and Kansas City daily.

He Was Puzzled.

"Say, mister, how long before the mail man'll be 'round yere?" was asked of Officer Barter yesterday by a very verdant hayseed, who was toying with the lock attached to a United States mail box, on Fifth and Morrison streets.

"Why? What do you want to know for?" inquired the officer in turn.

"'Cause I've got a letter yere that I want to get to my folks up the valley."

"Well, look at the card on the end of the box; that will inform you when he'll next call for the mail."

"I have, but I can't wait so long," responded Mr. Hayseed; "'cause my sister is up yonder street with our team." "I've a great mind to break that gold-durned lock to get my letter in, as I want my folks up the valley to know right off that we've got the measles up to our place."

When Officer Barter showed the verdant one how to drop his letter into the box without tampering with the lock, Mr. Hayseed gave a long, low whistle, exclaiming:

"Goldurn me! Yere I've been waiting and hanging on two hours for that letter man to open the lock of that gold-durned thing. Say, mister, when did they invent that new-fangled machine?"—*Portland (Or.) Telegram*.

The Youghiogeny & Lehigh Coal Co.

One of the youngest coal companies at the head of the lakes has erected extensive docks at West Superior, where they handle their own production of genuine Youghiogeny coal with the best grades of Hocking and anthracite, specially prepared for this market. Large consumers and dealers are invited to correspond with them when in the market to buy. Address them at their main office at West Superior, Wis.

Cheap Rates to Denver.

The convention of the National Educational Association will be held this year, July 5 to 12, at Denver, Colo. A very low rate, not more than about \$27.90 for return from St. Paul and Minneapolis, will be made by the Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R., with correspondingly low rates from other points. An elegant vestibuled train with all modern appointments will run through on very fast time. No change of cars. Magnificent service. For further information address A. B. CUTTS, G. T. & P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Three Salient Points.

A gentleman who has just returned from St. Louis thus summarizes the passenger service of the "St. Louis Special" on the Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R.: "It excels in speed, comfort and scenery."

All others agree that it does count for something to save two hours in time, travel in the most elegant modern cars, over the best road-bed and get all your meals in dining cars.



TAKES LIFE EASY.—John Diemer, an old settler, who lives only a few miles below town, has not been in the city for nearly five years. His wife attends to all the business, both in town and on the ranch, while John smokes his pipe and drinks his beer and takes things easy.—*Walla Walla Union*.

NAVIGATION ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—Citizens of Grand Rapids are making a decided effort to have the Upper Mississippi improved so as to enable boats to run up and load with Mesab ore for St. Louis. The scheme has met the approval of the Secretary of War and is feasible, as has been clearly proven by those having the matter in hand.—*Tower Journal*.

A STURGEON TEAM.—D. P. Fisher caught five sturgeon in his nets a few nights ago, and has three of them tied up now to the river bank near town. A rope passed through holes in their gills is tied back of their heads, holding them very securely, and as the fish are stout, sturdy fellows, about six feet in length, Mr. Fisher ties them to his boat frequently, and allows them to draw him around over the river, this being much easier than rowing.—*Roseburg (Or.) Review*.

LAW IN BRITISH MINING CAMPS.—In British Columbia the law forbids all such games as faro and keno in mining camps. There are no open gambling houses. Men may play poker and other such games for money, but there must not be any percentage games. Neither can there be any straight saloons. Liquors can only be sold by hotels and inns, and the law stipulates the number of rooms required before a license will be issued. These laws are enforced strictly. There is not an elective officer in the camps. The judiciary and the constabulary are appointed, are answerable only to their superiors at Victoria and Ottawa, and care not a snap for the influences which are often so potent in mining camps of the United States. The minute a terrier shows evidence of a troublesome disposition he receives "warning," and the law is held in such fine respect that it is not often these warnings are disregarded.

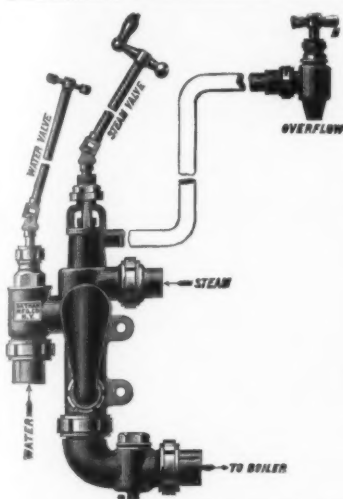
THE NEW MINES ON SLATE CREEK, WASH.—"The geological formation of the new Slate Creek mines, situated on the east slope of the Cascades, and in the southeast corner of Okanogan County and the northeast corner of Whatcom," says Judge H. N. Maguire, an old mining man, "is what makes them so fascinating to old prospectors, especially those who have prospected in the Black Hills of Dakota. The general formation is that of slate and talcose slate, sometimes rich in mineral, abounding in a gangue of vein matter. Those are the geological characteristics of the gold veins in the Black Hills, but tellurium gold ores do not exist in the Black Hills mines, yet are reported to be frequently found in the Slate Creek veins. Tellurium gold ores are the richest in the world, and few, even of the oldest prospectors, understand how to test them, the presence of gold in great proportions to the entire mass generally being first ascertained by the weight. As the tellurium so thoroughly impregnates and colors the gold that the ordinary application of the acids will not disclose the gold color to view, it can only be separated from the baser material by smelting, a process seldom available to the prospector."—*Tacoma Ledger*.

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Send for our primer. It will give you valuable information on the subject of varnish.



He—"I think your family name is such a fine one."
She—"Do you? I'm beginning to get dreadfully tired of it."

"And you went up the Rhine, I suppose?" said Mrs. Malaprop. "Indeed, yes; it was beautiful." "And did you see any rhinoceroses?"

Leerly—"What time of day was Adam most lonesome?"
Meerly—"Just before eve."

First Fly—"What do you think of that paper they are trying to catch us with?"
Second Fly—"I'm not stuck on it."

Feminine voice (from lower berth)—"Porter! porter!"
Masculine voice (from upper berth on opposite side)—"Very sorry, madam; we have nothing but beer."



The gallant drummer scrapes an acquaintance with a fair companion, dressed, as he thinks, in the latest big-sleeve style.



The gallant drummer learns that appearances are deceptive.

Reedly—"Why do you smoke continually from morning until night?"

Weedly—"It's the only time I get. I sleep from night till morning."

Teacher (grammar class)—"Correct. Take 'envious' next."

Bright Pupil—"Positive, envious; comparative, socialist; superlative, anarchist."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Dauber—"I heard a fine compliment paid to my painting of 'Mephistopheles' today. Critique: 'What was that?' Dauber: 'A fellow looked at it a while and said: 'Well, that looks like the devil.'"

He—"Mrs Swelltop certainly is a beautiful woman. She carries all before her."

She (spitefully)—"Force of habit I suppose. I hear she was a waitress before Swelltop married her."

It was a wit of apt remark who described a stammering man
As one who got his language out on the installment plan.

A—"How do you know that Maler has come in for a fortune?"
B—"Why, formerly people said he was crazy; now they say he's original."

"That's very strange about those chickens of mine."
"What's the matter with them?" "Why, ever since your dog chased them all over the garden they have been laying nothing but scrambled eggs."

"Now as to the coming woman"—
She yawned behind her fan.
"Beg pardon, Mr. Layte, but how
About the going man?"

Mrs. Thinkhard—"Of late years the spread of intelligence along all classes has been simply wonderful."
Old Bachelor—"Yes, I notice there has been a great falling off in the number of marriages."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Oh, woe to all these boarding houses!
They harp the same old tunes;
It is hash you get for breakfast,
And at supper it is prunes.

"Dear me!" cried the nurse; "the baby has swallowed my railroad ticket. What shall I do?" "Go and buy another right away," returned the mother. "I am not going to let the conductor punch the baby."

Chip—"I see that the president of the Central Club has enlargement of the cranium since his re-election."
Grip: "That's not the big head." Chip: "What is it then?" Grip: "Mumps."—*Langdon Courier-Democrat.*

We often hear that girls who sing
Have notes like warbling bird;
How glad we are that birds ne'er try
To sing like girls we've heard.

Visiting Relative—"You don't walk a round the city much, do you?"
Boston Hostess—"Oh, no. It is a long distance around the city. But I walk about the street a good deal."

Clara (after a tiff)—"I presume you would like your ring back?"
George—"Never mind; keep it. No other girl I know could use the ring, unless she wore it on her thumb!"

Rjones (very parsimonious)—"It is a great comfort to me to reflect that time is money." Browne: "Why?" Rjones: "Whenever I want to be particularly liberal to my friends, I go out and spend some time with them."—*Truth.*

Miss Hildi—"I suppose the smell of powder always carries you back to war times, colonel?"
Colonel Blunt (grimly)—"Er—no. You women use a kind entirely different from the kind the women used in those days."

Little Miss Mugg (haughtily)—"My sister never goes out without a chaperon."

Little Miss Freckles (disdainfully)—"My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister."—*Good News.*

She—"I'm surprised to see your wife in such a very low gown this cold evening. Baron—I heard she was delicate."

He—"Ach, no! She vos. But now, sank heaven, she is quite indelicate again."

The deaf and dumb wagonmaker picked up a hub and spoke. The blind carpenter reached for his plane and saw. The deaf cowboy went out with his dog and herd. The elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.—*Christian Work.*

The doctor had presented his bill and it was large.
"Humph!" said Skinflint, "this is a pretty big charge."

"No doubt," retorted the doctor, "considering the value of the life I saved; but it goes."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Well," said the ex-Congressman, "I'm back to my native home once more." "Yes," replied the constituent, "I see you are." "I hope the members of the community will be glad to see me." "I can assure you of that, sir. They were wishing for you back months ago."—*Washington Star.*

Flossie is six years old. "Mamma," she called one day, "If I get married will I have to have a husband like pa?"

"Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile.
"And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?"

"Yes."
"Mamma,"—after a pause—"It's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

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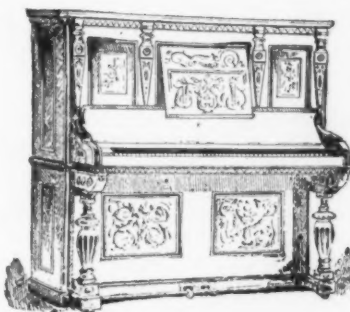
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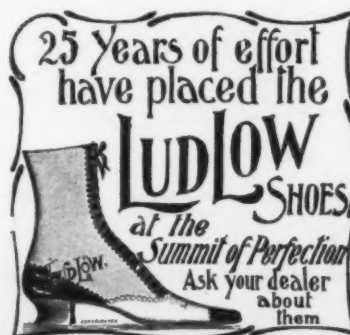
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Ferri Carbonate.....	Trace	Trace
Calcium.....	.233	4.6
Magnesium " Na. Salt.....	Trace	Trace
Lithium.....	Trace	Trace
Potassium.....	3.21	5.5
" Iodide.....	Trace	Trace
" Bromide.....	Trace	Trace
Sodium Chloride Co. Salt.....	1.442	24.7
" Sulphide.....	.852	14.6
" Sulphate Gl. Salt.....	.607	10.4
" Phosphate.....	Trace	Trace
" Baborate Borax.....	Trace	Trace
" Carbonate.....	8.788	150.5
Ammonia Free.....	.025	.45
Aluminoid Ammonia.....	.068	.66
Total.....	16.858	289.38



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